

MASQUE

The Fanzine That Returned from the Dead

What This Is and What Lies Ahead

A word of explanation from Bill Warren

When Bill Rotsler died, Paul Turner began cleaning out the house on Lull Street – lord a'mighty, was it ever cluttered. When he first moved in, Bill industriously labeled everything, built shelves, sorted it all out into a semblance of order. And from time to time, he would try to do this again, but chaos kept creeping in from the wings. Also, as Bill's health began its roller-coaster path that ended in his untimely death (his death would have been untimely however long he lived), he simply couldn't keep up with everything – or, finally, with anything. There was a monumental pile to sort through – the gathering of 70 years of a life, since Bill hauled stuff with him from home to home, and didn't seem to throw things away very often.

Paul was helped by a handful of people – his son Mark, Len Wein, Sandy Cohen, Selina Phanara, Greg Benford, me and my wife Beverly, probably others whose names escape me now. Most of us spotted things to set aside. I grabbed all the fanzines I could find and passed them on to Bruce Pelz (except for *Lilapa* mailings). Paul saw to it that Bill's books were distributed in ways that Bill would have approved. Selina got his art supplies; we got what was left of his Hawaiian shirts.

Greg Benford and I found pages for an issue of *Masque* that Bill had never stapled and mailed, so Greg saw to it that they were collated and distributed at the first LosCon after Bill died. But after Greg left, I found more *Masque* pages. Many more *Masque* pages. There were some from the 1980s that Bill had printed himself, but never got around to collating, much less mailing out. And there were literally hundreds more pages that he had pasted up and paper-clipped together into front/back pairs, which he had never been able to have printed. Most of these pages were not in the diaryzine mode of those from the 1980s, though early in the year he died, Bill did return to the diaryzine format.

Bill was one of my closest friends, and I think a great treasure to fandom. I wanted to do him one last favor – to see to it that these *Masques* were completed and sent out to those he would have wanted to receive them. (At least, as nearly as Robert Lichtman and I can determine.) I paid for the printing of some of the pages, but Bruce Pelz arranged for SCIFI, Inc. to print the majority.

So that's what you're holding: the first of the last fifteen issues of *Masque* from Bill Rotsler, as organized by me, and as collated and stapled by Bill's friends Stan Burns, Sandy Cohen, Beverly Warren, Allan Rothstein and Len Wein. In one marathon session on April 14th, down at Stan's house in Riverside – where he had kindly stored all this stuff until printing was completed – using the borrowed LASFS collating racks, we managed to complete the zines.

A note on the zines themselves: as they arrive over the next year or so (I hope to maintain a monthly schedule), you'll find some gaps here and there in the pages from the 1980s. Some of these gaps are no doubt due to oversight on my part, or perhaps to my not arranging the pages correctly. Some are probably because Bill *did* get out an issue of *Masque* that included the missing pages. And some are because

4/23/01

Bill hauled these stacks of uncollated pages from one house to another over the years, and some simply got lost. Please overlook these gaps. And the water spots on one of the later pages: my fault.

I wanted to make each one of the 15 issues as Rotslerian as possible. I found some *Masque* covers that he had printed but not used, and others he had designed but not printed. The rest I created from his artwork, mostly by adding titles to some pages he'd already had printed for other reasons. The bright blue cover (coming up later on) features art that I think has never been published before.

The computer art that appears on four of the issues is also by Bill Rotsler. In the last months of his life, he lived at Paul's home in the Altadena hills, and began creating art with the graphics program on Paul's computer. He created almost 500 individual pieces of art which have never been printed – and in fact, are so radically different from anything else he ever did that, for once, Rotsler artwork is not instantly recognizable as Rotsler artwork. (Like on the cover of this issue.) Many thanks to Robert Lichtman for this art; Bill sent him several discs laden with these unusual pieces – unusual but still typically Rotsler in its wit and imagination.

Bill had prepared somewhere around a dozen title pages for *Masque*; I've tried to use them all. Each had a subtitle, too, like "The Fanzine of the People," which turned out to be potentially useful for fanzine collectors and historians. It was impossible to determine the numbering system of all the previous *Masques* – that is, where Bill left off -- so I didn't use numbers at all. Instead, I've used those subtitles on the covers I've created to enable those who catalog zines to be able to describe them in a distinctive manner. And yes, those subtitles are definitely all Bill's work, including the highly appropriate one on the cover of this issue. There are a couple of issues coming up that do not have title pages; again, blame me, not Rotsler.

I divided the Rotsler-printed pages (those with dates) between all 15 issues, simply to spread the joy around, so each issue would have older Rotsler stuff, newer Rotsler stuff and Rotsler art.. In each issue, the oldest pages are followed by the more recent undated, pasted-up but unprinted pages Bill prepared. Each issue concludes with a little flurry of art; there are some collaborations between Bill and Alexis Gilliland, some "Balloon"-type gags, and some pages he seems to have intended for a never-published issue (or issues) of *Voyage*, his all-art zine. Of course, much of this artwork may have *been* published in *Voyages* or elsewhere; it's almost as hard to keep track of Rotsler fanzines as it is Rotsler art. The last material in the final issue is by Bill, but was not created for *Masque*; it is what he read at his 50th annual high school reunion.

Sandy Cohen wants me to advise everyone that since the zines have all been collated and stapled, there won't be any letter-of-comment columns in future issues. On the other hand, if you want to write such comments – about the zines, or about Bill, but not about our wonderfulness in finishing them – we'll consider adding them to the last *Masque* of all. Do not, however, feel that you have to write anything. After all, the *Masques* Bill published himself didn't have letter pages.

I hope that you understand and respect our desire to see to it that Bill Rotsler's last *Masques* are printed.

Politics is like wrestling an swamp alligator; you will always get dirty and you might be fatally bitten.

MASQUE

*The Fanzine That Rose
From the Dead*

© William Rotsler

17909 Lull St, Reseda, CA 91335

The production of this fanzine was under the supervision of the National Society for the Elevation of Crudzines. No fans were killed or injured in the production of this publication.

Politicians never burn a bridge behind them because the chances are they will have to retreat. They have no objection to burning someone's bridge, however.

Watch my vice-presidential decision.

That will tell all.

George Bush

Every politician needs to get know to get elected or re-elected, but they don't want people to know them *too* well. This is the "feet of clay, head of goat cheese" syndrome.

Never fall in love with a man who cried at a wedding, or a woman who laughed at a funeral.



Never criticize a transvestite until you've walked a mile in his too-tight high heels.



The difference between motive and behavior is that motive is the goal and behavior is the path.

Movie Annoyances:

- People in movies set in supposedly cold climates, even during blizzards, who open doors, leave them open, and/or stand there and talk.
- When it's supposed to be dawn or sunset but you can tell from the shadows it's ten 'til two.
- Umpteen-shot guns, of course. Bullets that never ricochet. Large caliber guns that can't shoot through cardboard boxes. Actors who hold weapons in such way that if they went off it would hurt their hands.
- Guns fired indoors, especially in close quarters, in cement or metal rooms, and people can still hear.
- World War II & Korean War movie soldiers with today's haircuts and vocabularies.
- Actors who crowd up together (better to get in the shot) when every sergeant in every army since gunpowder came along who told them to "Spread out!"
- Wrong or inappropriate uniforms, insignia, patches and ribbons.
- Actors playing men of high rank who salute the lower ranks first and people who salute more or less at random, and in bad form. People who salute but do not hold until a return salute is made. All of this is in violation of basic discipline in any armed forces anywhere, anytime.
- Trailers (some call them "pre-vues") that give away the story and/or the best scenes. Also, trailers that have great shots in them that are not in the film at all.

A William Rotsler Mini-Dictionary

cocksure: Someone who just checked before coming out of the men's room.

for your convenience: For our convenience.

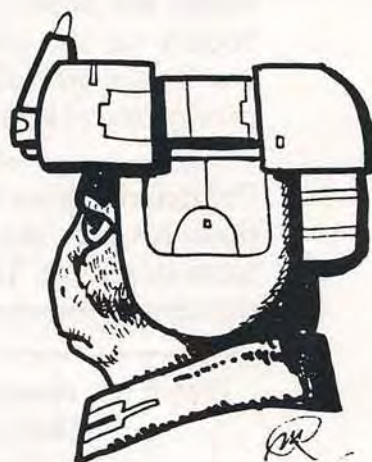
homespun: In writing, something with "ain't" in it.

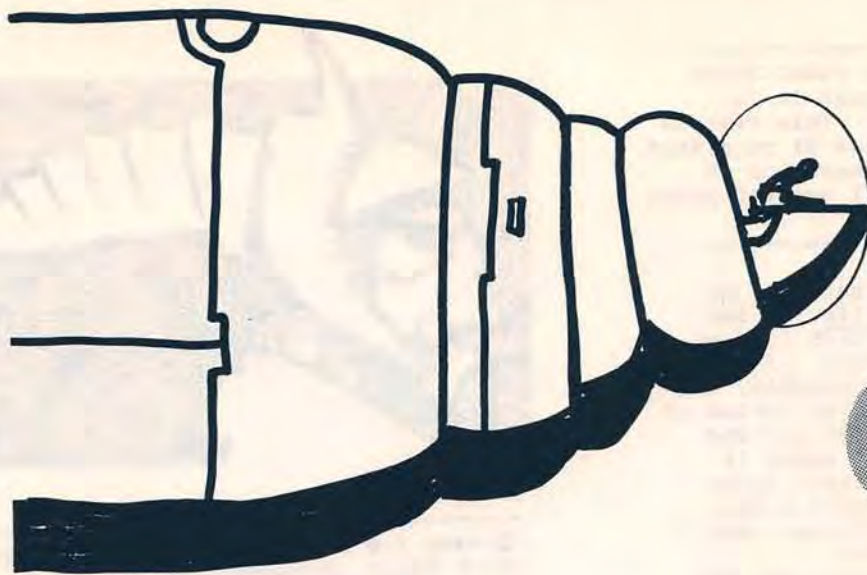
Marilyn Monroe: A twilight meteor, an image burned into a generation.

masturbation: Sex with your own head.

reincarnation: Soul recycling.

sugar: Nature's way of letting you eat crud.





The day I saw Sophia Loren in a maxi-dress I knew its day was over. She looked terrible and if Sophia Loren looked bad in it there was not a woman on Earth who could look good in it.

Fucked off again today, but worked hard. I guess that is my way of fucking off sometimes. What I worked on for hours were drawings. I've been drawing oodles of starships against worlds--you'll be seeing more than you care to see in MASQUE in the future--and then I started putting on Zipatone (Formatt, actually, but Zipatone seems to be the generic term). I soon advanced to working directly in the zip and produced what will be a portfolio (limited to an edition of 25) of abstracts; aboit 10-15, I think. Quite odd. No market whatever, but whatthehell. I like 'em.

Just added accumulated pages to the final manuscript of QUOTEBOOK and find I have 7780pp or (at 200 words per):
1,556,000 words.

I also figured that QUOTEBOOK is accumulating at a rate of about 14,000 words month or better. That's 480 words per day, on the average.

26 Jan 84 Driving into Hollywood last nite, to pick up Bill Warren, who was taking me to a screening at MGM, I listened to most of Reagan's State of the Union speech. While I delighted in the space station part I thought the pitch on prayer in school was so dumb.

What has prayer in school to do with anything? There are churches, temples, shrines & homes for that. School should not take up the time. But if prayer is "needed" in schools, may it not expand to other parts of our lives? Perhaps a moment of prayer at the IRS would not be inappropriate. The person who sells you your dog license or takes your bank deposit might wear a clerical collar. Services before the fire dept goes out? The blessing of guns & clubs at the Cop House? Lighting candles to statues?

Young women are like new cars. You feel much more comfortable in them after the first scratch, the first dent. Women with a little experience, a little more livibg in them are vastly more comfortable and interesting. You don't necessarily have to pay attention to every little squeak and you know what she can do. I wonder if men are like that to women?

6 Feb 84 I am in my 12th day of pain. I pinched a nerve in my back and if any of you have been through that I need not tell you and if you haven't I can't. The worst was about three days in when I started having spasms--resulting. the fractional movements--that hurt...one right after the other.

There's a chiropractor 3 blocks away and on Monday, after a Thurs-Sun period of severe pain, I started treatments. To give a masterful line of understatement, it was a difficult time.

To make matters worst there was (1) a slight cold, enough to have to cough a few times; (2) the worst attack of piles since my last attack just recently. Very bloody, too; one morning it looked as though I had deflowered four virgins.

So I read & watched TV. Read Philip Caputo's DELCORSO'S GALLERY, which was excellent. Best description of how a photographer feels & what he does & why & how that any I've ever read. While he is writing about combat photography--in Nam & Lebanon--is Writes True.

But this is the first time at a typer in 2 weeks & that feels good, but it is really the start of Phase Two, getting me to Move About like a real human being. Still use the indispensible cane and am thinking of writing a book: GETTING BY WITHOUT A NURSE or The Temporary Invalid's Guide to Making Do. All kinds of ways of doing things, gadgets & stuff. Would interview people with casts, etc.

A quotation becomes a cliché after the owner's serial number has been filed off and used too often. A cliché becomes a saying in middle age and a proverb in its old age.

"Equal" is one of those sugar substitutes and they have a TV ad which says it is "made from real ingredients." This reminds me of a man looking over a show of paintings by my friend Gene Coe, then coming up to him and--seriously--saying, "I see you paint a lot of subject matter."

8 Feb 84 I'm getting better but, oh! so slowly. My whole life for two weeks has revolved around my back (and my piles) and the Avoidance of Pain. I also discovered I'm slightly claustrophobic, due to the rack they put me on, which buries my face in thick pads. Even after parting the pads more & removing their paper it still gets to me. Enough so that, after 10 minutes of so lying there with a heat pad on my back, I am getting tense...and I still have ten-plus to go. Grr.

PUBLISHER'S WEEKLY came with all the Spring List announcements and I am stunned by the number of computer books. Pick any aspect and in the next 6 months you'll have 3 to ten books on it. Some publishers which previously had a regular list now have NOTHING but compbooks. Gad.

On compulsory education: Children should not be forced to go to school. How will we maintain an ignorant slave class of we educate them?

9 Feb 84 Back during this ordeal of mine, when things were very painful with each voluntary & involuntary movement, I began--but never achieved--a kind of displacement of pain. To observe from the outside. To know the body was hurting but trying to work through it, ignore it in a sense. I never really achieved it, but I kind of saw the light of how it could be done. Very odd, really. I'm hurting, maybe even yelling at the peak (and you get to the peaks in instants!) and yet there was a part of me going, "Hm, hope it doesn't cause further strain, further damage." Like watching someone else, almost. Almost.

As I said, I never really got to that point, but it was an "interesting" experience, as the curse has it.

Reading Marc Olden's Dai-Sho and finding it very interesting. This afternoon I ran a tape of a Chuck Norris film, Forced Vengeance (dumb title--sounds translated) and at one point he & 2 women are running away from every thug in Hong Kong & in an alley a guy with a nun-chuk (the hardwood sticks tied with a chain) jumps out and does a whole Bruce Lee number; Norris takes out the .45 he has and the guy does a very funny, oops, sorry, uh, I'm leaving now number. Reminded me of Raiders of the Lost Ark where Indiana kills the blackclad swordsman.

Q: How does a Beverly Hills housewife call her children to dinner?

A: "Get in the car."

There are wives who think they are the great women behind their great men when all the times it's another great woman. Maybe several of them.



"Dreams are only true while they last."
(Marc Olden, Dai-Sho)

12 Feb 84 The house Evan & I live in was put up for sale awhile back. We didn't worry too much, knowing both the house & the sluggish market. However, it looks as though someone will buy it. God knows I don't want to.

It comes, however, at the Worst Time, as all things do. With my back bad and my bank account the same, it is going to be difficult on both. Semi-impossible. Means I'll have to hire people to help move--cause I ain't gonna strain my back again--and that will be devastating. If I get my movie finished & sold to cable fast enough (hah!) I can do it. Otherwise, Grim City.

Usually my money comes in large chunks at long intervals. However, there is always a series of dips & rises which usually cancel each other out. But the Day of the Jackpot came and all curves are on the bottom, along with my health, and...well, drat.

Conventional wisdom: Dull, boring, predictable, unimaginative and frequently correct. Unconventional ideas: Off the beaten track but still within sight. Unusual theory: Looney but just barely possible. Crazy notion: Obsessive, imaginative and probably wrong. Highly original theory: Complete poppycock. Poppycock: An excellent idea you cannot accept.

Girls are raised on praise and promises; boys are raised on threats and carrots.

Give me an interesting looking woman over a beautiful woman every time. Interesting-looking women are always beautiful, but beautiful women are not always interesting.

Information is not knowledge any more than bricks are a home. You may have much information and little knowledge. Information can give you knowledge but you must televate it to wisdom yourself.

Behind every great man is a great woman--sometimes far behind, sometimes in front.

You believe you are pretending. You pretend to believe. You think you know the difference.

The hunt for a house continues and is so far fruitless (no pun intended). God, things cost money! I'd get my GI Bill going but it would take weeks longer than we have here. # My back is better, thank the Elder Gods of Chiropractic.

Cynics, even the amusing ones, are ultimately boring. They do not add to life, they taint the mind and sour the tongue.

3 Mar 84 Part of what I've been doing since I started back to work is the kind of thing I can stop & start easily, and this means mostly Quotebook. Getting ready to move I consolidated a lot of things, filed & so forth and now have, in the main body of QBK (the contemporary stuff, which means since 1900) an estimate of 1,667,400 words. In the older collection, prior to 1900, I have 208,600 words. (No two alike.)

"A sex fantasy is Nature's way of telling you you're horny."
(Grania Davis)

4 Mar 84 Had dinner at Cantor's with Steve & Grania Davis last night. They say there isn't a good Jewish deli in the Bay Area so wanted to get a fix. She interviewed me for an article she's writing for Penthouse Letters, where we are fellow writers. Steve gave me some info on my back, since he says a great deal of his practice is on backs. It was a fast four hours, then they went on to investigate the LA nightlife for another article she's doing.

Every once in awhile I watch T. J. Hooker, the Wm Shatner cop series. Although it is obviously Southern California they don't say what city and their cop insignia says LCPD. Well, the only L.C. around here is La Canada (pron. La Con-yada). Last night they had a chase, supposedly in about a 2 mile stretch of "the Marina," which around here (SoCal) pretty much means Marina Del Rey, which is about a mile from here. I was amused that the car gets the call in Glendale (about, what 15-18 miles from here), and parts of the chase are in the Marina, but also nearby Santa Monica, West LA, East LA (20 miles) and Long Beach (30 mi?). Marvelous movie magic.

Despite numerous real estate places visited I have not yet found a house. Drat. And Virginia Aalco & her marvelous house karma is still off doing a commercial, which is running overtime & no one knows when she'll return. Drat. Stay tuned.

Classical music can carry you through time and logic, across dimensions and barriers of language and pre-conceptions. It can enlarge your perceptions and sensitivities, your emotions and understanding, and stretch your availability to thought.

Rock music punches you in the now and rubs your mind in it.

"I'm not going to make the same mistake once."
(Warren Beatty)

6 Mar 84 My father was born this day, 96 years ago. # Heavy house-hunting, no results, dammit.

I've wondered from time to time why I did not buy a house. After all, I had the GI Bill and God knows I've paid out more in rent than house payments would have been. Recently, I think I figured out what it is.

Y'see, I liked the adventure of living in different houses, in different places. It was always fun. Different houses have been different lives for me. The casual, girl-a-night small hillside houses...the marriage-like double apartments when Sharman & I lived together...the full bore orgy & movie-making of the first Hollyridge house...the companionably & adventurous 2nd Hollyridge home, with Paul & Neola...the Continuous Floating Nudist Camp of the Ridpath place...the needed isolation of the apartment I got after I came back from the trip around USA with Vincene...the sprawling ranch house where I grew up, the apartments & small homes here & there as I went to art school & after...the busy, cloistered (or maybe repressed) life I've been living here, since by accident & breakup with Sharman.

Each place was a different life. Sometimes it was a radical difference, sometimes and evolution, a couple of times a devolution. I have also hated the idea of being tied down. "I'm going to live in this house until I die!" Gawd. That's why I do different things, some things you know about (more or less) and a lot you do not.

But moving is such a bore. It used to be so much easier. But add thousands of books, a couple dozen book cases 3x7 1/2, props, boxes of props (scores of them), etc etc etc. Such a chore.

14 Mar 84 On the way to a CAPS meeting last night I stopped at Sharman's to give her some books and sundry things and saw what she had done to the 1950 Chevvy pickup she bought last year. She'd done a lot of work on it (inside), painted it scarlet (not red) and her licence--which I imagine she got when she was writing STAR TREK--reads ION DRIV.

At CAPS (which is being held at the LASFS these days) I met Siegel & Shuster, creators of Superman.

I think I've finally found a house; it is sadly enough, in the Dreaded Valley. Out at the west end of the San Fernando Valley. I was really pressured, just not able to find anything worth a damn, even though I've looked all over, up to 40 miles from here. (In LA/SoCal that's not that much, really.) I'll know in 2-3 days.

I need Rebecca Kurland's address.

Rotsler's First Law of Design: First you design for function, then for beauty, then for cost.

A degree in theology seems to be a license to hold an opinion on any subject and make you pay heed.

15 Mar 84 The interlineation was prompted by a couple of reports of religious types and clergy poking their noses into people's lives, unasked and unwanted. Which reminds me, I've been meaning to common on prayer in school.

I am against it. One, it is that ol' Church 'n' State thing; two, it will make the minority children feel awkward; and three, religion belongs in the home and the church, temple, whatever. What on earth it has to do in schools I dunno and did I just stumble through a pun? I mean, teach religion if you will; that's fine, as long as they teach a spectrum, even if you give time according to the the statistical numbers adhering to that religion.

Those "common prayer" things which have been suggested are about as useful as prayer as a rock and, to me, denigrate whatever psychological & spiritual value prayer might have.

Taking up education time to teach religion--in this country at least--where it is not religion as history and social power, is illegal, unConstitutional, and silly. Oh, well, what do I care? I don't have any kids in school & when I did religion was not an issue. (Well, I do care...)

Richard Curtis is my agent, as well as the agent of several of my readership. Got a royalty check from him today and his signature really has disintegrated past all hope. It long ago went through the "dropped string" kind of state, long past when you could sorta get the drift of the name. Look at it now (an artful but good forgery):



That's a signature? It looks like the kind of mark you make when you are cleaning a bit of something off the end of your ballpoint. He did, you'll note, dot the "i's."

"These days everybody calls themselves feminists to avoid having to tell a story."
----- (Francois Truffaut)

Encino is the Beverly Hills of the San Fernando Valley; Tarzana is the Bel Aire.

20 Mar 84 I really shouldn't make a statement like the above, because I'm just guessing. Maybe I rate Tarzana so high because Larry Niven lives there. (I almost rented a house about a quartermile down Vanalden from Larry.)

But I live in the south end of Reseda, which is a nice common-as-grass middle-class neighborhood bordering Encino's north side. Encino, I have noted, is a fairly modern community mostly built up in the last 20-30 years. The shops are pretty new. There are cheese shops (I don't know of one in Hollywood, for example), Nathan's deli, bagel shops, several decent restaurants on different price levels, ethnic restaurants, health food stores & restaurants, and the inevitable "San Fernando Valley Mall" types--such as the quite nice (and not HUGE) Encino Mall.

All in all, not bad...except for the weather. This summer will be a bastard. That was one nice thing living in Venice, the weather was Good. When people were fainting from the heat last simmer (typo, but whatthehell) it was hot here, yes, but not as hot as the Dreaded Valley.

Barbara Walters, on women in media: "If it was just a question of who we slept with, we would have made it to the top much sooner."

I must be settled in nicely with PENTHOUSE Letters as they sent me a ream of their special Final Draft paper--printed lightly in blue with logo, places for title, name, page, and 23 lines 41 pica/41 Elite characters wide, blue lines, etc. That way they can guess length best. Fine for them but annoying for the writer. That's what a word pricessor us for. But 6 articles a year is 4500 bucks, plus satellite articles would certainly pay for it. They're paying \$250 for about 35¢ worth of Xeroxes from my Quotebook on "Masturbation."

I've noticed that I have developed a large callus on my right thumb from the scissors used so often doing Quotebook. Occupational hazard, I suppose.

Pity is a gift we hate receiving and don't mind giving.



The next day Paul showed me the office he finagled in a tower of a municipal building, where the Western Spaceport hdqrs are to be. He'll me on the board of directors of the Museum and is working his heart out. Then Neola slithered & slid into her mother's 40-year-old wedding gown. We went off to the La Purisima mission (one of Fr. Serra's and beautifully restored to something very much like the original setting & not touristed up) where they were married by a lovely fountain under trees.

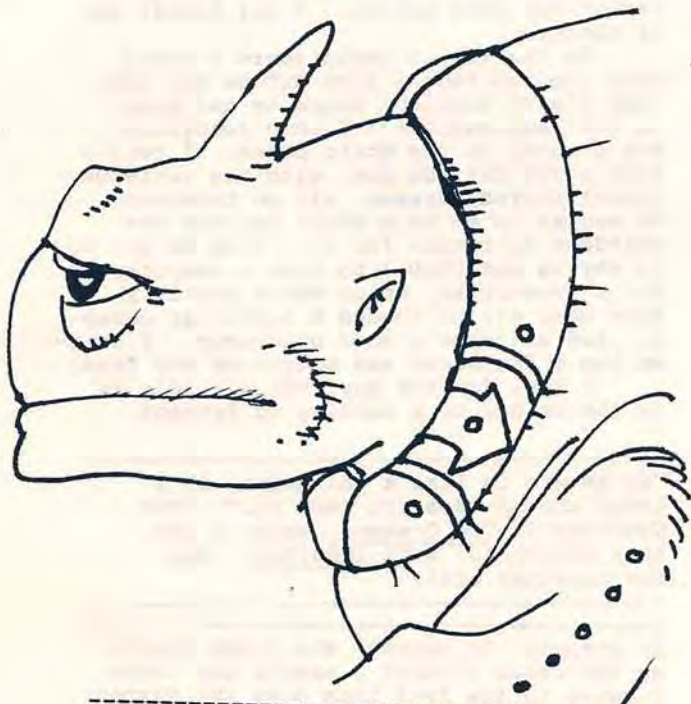
Paul wore white, in the tradition some of you might remember of Captain Hero. They got a ton of silicon (cut glass), the best of which was (in my estimation) a lovely bowl (from Gral, Germany) from Barbara.

The reception was all in shades of lavender & purple, the food was really very good, but their champagne choice was poor. (Next time, ask me about cheap champagne.) (Scratch that "next time.") Paul's first wife & kids were there, plus Lompoc's mayor & a lot of engineer types.

Going & coming to Lompoc was (up near Lompoc, pron. "Lompock") was really lovely, with green rolling hills & trees, a skyblue sky & a blue-green ocean. So now that I've gotten them married I'll go on to my next task: world peace.

Note: Neola has resumed her maiden name, discarding the name of her first husband and will now be Neola Caveny. (Not Turner, so pay attention.)

Los Angeles does have seasons: a cold spring, a warm spring, a hot spring, a cool summer, a warm summer, a hot summer, and a few days of autumn.



It would be boring to truly know the future, but it would be frightening to know your own future.

"Great people talk about ideas, average people talk about things, and small people talk about wine." (Fran Lebowitz)

24 Mar 84 Guy in England that instigated it sent me a couple of grand to get the film finished; with his original revamp of the deal it screwed up my cash flow like crazy, so this will get it right. # The other day I stopped in a Standard Brands store to get some cheap canvas walkabout shoes. As I came up to the cashier (two of them, both 18-19-20, pretty in that kind of vacuous "Valley" way) one said, and I thot it was to me, "You wouldn't know what to do with it if you had it." I said to this very busty girl in a pink sweater, "I was using it before you knew it was there," which caused her embarrassment as a number of teen customers laughed.

She said, "I don't think I'll answer that," and right away did. In a rather cheerful way she said, "At least mine is still functioning."

"Oh, lady, if you only knew!" I said. I wonder if I thought, at her age, that people over thirty stopped having sex. I don't think so. Over sixty, maybe. But, on the other hand, it has been a long time for me, until well before my accident two years+ ago. I was just getting to the point where I thought maybe sex wouldn't cripple me when this pinched nerve struck.

Talking to PENTHOUSE today they said they had received & liked the interview on me that Grania Davis did. "I didn't know you had done so much," he said. Neither did I. That is, I never think of myself as "having done a lot." I've just been amusing myself for a few decades and the file keeps growing.

"You can't have everything. Where would you out it?" (Steven Wright, in Omni)

1 Apr 84 It's not an April's Fool gag, but for the first time in God knows when I have no "official" address. I'm in the Ocean Park Motel in Venice, or maybe it's Santa Monica, for a week while I finish a book & outline another. Then I think I'll go off to San Diego prior to the Costume-Con and just vegetate. We have been moving and I am in Great Debt to Ed Kline, a friend of his named Don Kephart, and to John Trimble. Another friend, Wil Guest, too, but who could only work one weekend because the set on 2010 was falling apart & he had to go help fix.

I made a deal with the people still in the house I'm moving to, renting a bedroom; a kind of "family room", their backyard & a portion of their garage to store things so I wouldn't have to move twice, into storage, then to the house.

With my back (plus a strange malady, an odd light-headedness, which came at odd intervals) I couldn't do much so these guys were Great Help. I have figured out how to pay 'em back: I'm going to give a party, special for people who have helped me in some way, and hire

someone like Kitten Natividad to come do a strip & put-on. (She does this very well--getting slapped by her boobs is like getting hit with smooth sandbags.)

But I'm moved out and can get back to work. I still have a lot of junk with me--typer, proper lights, a VHS tape machine because I'm supposed to review some tapes, paper, a semi-book, support materials for a writer, etc.

Remember how I've spoken of Pretty Girl Days and Ugly People Days and that rarest of rare, the Busty Oriental Beauty Day? Today was Bill's Day to Help People...an old lady at a gas station to get the nozzle going, another old lady at a gas station, to complain for her to the owners when her machine wouldn't work, two sets of directions to tourists, and something else I can't recall.

Like to recommend a book, THE ART OF DINING OUT. Really very informative, well-planned book. Excellent. Why, I bet even Bob Silverberg could learn something. (Wait! Did I hear a snort?)

"We don't care how they do it in New York." (T-shirt seen at Costume-Con II)

Stupid people are afraid of intelligent people; intelligent people are bored by stupid people.

Vanilla is the wimp of ice creams.

2 Apr 84 It's an oddly free feeling, having no real home, just with a few essentials. It's as if I can make up a whole new set of rules for myself for living. And that's odd, because I can and do do that all the time, gang. As I wrote earlier, each new house has brought a totally different "Life-style" (Sorry, Boyd.) It is not as though I live the same in each house, when & wherever I am. Much the same, yes; but evolution does go on. Stay tuned, maybe I will evolve into a ball of glowing something. Ennui probably.

The book I recommended, The Art of Dining Out, is really interesting. (My earlier recommendation was based on reading about 60pp.) The author tells you Everything You've Ever Wanted to Know, from how foods are faked, menus are finagled, how they used substandard & even totally wrong ingredients & disguise this in many ways. To a pronunciation guide on wines translated French & Italian menus, suggestions on how to make reservations, on how things should be; there's a visual guide to silverware & glassware. I am learning things. Read it, and you, too can be sophisticated. (Bob Tucker is excepted, as usual; as I remember it he said he became sophisticated round and about 4 o'clock one afternoon. I do not remember the circumstances, but I was always enamoured of the time, for some reason.)

An epigram is a smartass remark in a tuxedo.

There is nothing more beautiful than the stars, that sweep of lights that is the lens center of our galaxy. The excitement of looking at the stars is unsurpassed, for it is the visible evidence of eternal mystery.

I can't remember if I wrote about Bernie Zuber or not, but the longer I think about it the weirder it gets. A few weeks ago Bernie called me, said he wanted me to direct a movie he was putting together. I hadn't thought he was in that position, but he was so insistent that I said, sure, come by, but I'm leaving to go somewhere.

Time passed, he didn't arrive. I knew nothing of Bernie's recent doings. He was a fan, I'd known him slightly for years, he seemed a harmless & somewhat boring nebish, and, well, I'm being kind.

Finally, he called: could I pick him up. I was, by then, ready to go to see Greystoke at MGM. I picked him up and

started to deliver him to the east of where we were. He started to talk and I knew at once I was in the presence of a major loonie. He wanted to do Don Quixote with Rod McKuen as Q, the porn actress Serena (he really wanted to get her!) and my memory has dumped the rest. I think he wanted either Dom Delouise or (mind blanks) as Sancho. I asked about the financing, but he sloughed that off as unimportant. When he found I was on the way to MGM, he begged to go along, so I finagled him in. Harlan Ellison was there (with the lovely Tara, who I said looked like she went around with her own spotlight; she has that kind of coloring.) and Bernie really bothered Harlan, thrusting all kinds of strange drawings upon him. Harlan was very polite. I got Bernie out of there.

On the way, I asked where I could drop him and then I find out he was AWOL from the VA hospital where he had been in for "depression." I then recognize his evening as the manic phase. I really felt sorry for the guy, with his tattered (pre-tattered) dreams, all so hopeless. He wanted to go to a disco and had the weirdest rationale for it. Then he got on to why he had (HAD!) to have a computer. Not a typewriter, which would possibly have been all he needed & certainly cheaper, and not even a word processor. I loaned him a few bucks and bought my way free.

I feel for the guy, but all this is in the nature of a warning to friends.

"My memory is like a policeman--it's never around when you need it." (Tom Courtney in The Dresser, which I saw this afternoon, with Lassiter. Boy, can Courtney act!)

An optimist is someone who fibs himself up the creek without a paddle but looks forward to the free trip down the current.

Parents and pet owners have one chance to call off the child or pet. If not, I take action. You have been warned.

"Dating is finding someone so you won't have to date again." (Susan St. James on Kate & Allie)

19 Mar 84 Saw the premiere of Kate & Allie tonight--thought it was funny & literate, with some good lines, and good comedy growing out of believable characters & situations. Also tonight, Cagney & Lacey returned (a first!) and that's a show I like a lot.

And now, for the question of the week:

Why do diamonds appreciate? If cost and value depend on the law of supply and demand, and if the cartels increase the amount of diamonds every year, shouldn't they decrease in value? Shouldn't these bits of glorified coal obey the law like everyone else?

Yesterday & the day before were spent in moving. Thanks to the ultra-generous help & sweat of Wil Guest (who not only helped me move but rented a truck--I still can't find my wallet, lost when I was flat on my back & hated the lump) and Ed Kline, who brought along friends. Don turned out to be a super packager, fitting in boxes, brought to him in random clots, into a solid, non-shifting load.

Next weekend we'll take down the studio & the weekend after that the final stuff. Meanwhile I get to write--to pay for all this--and finish up my obligations on deadlines.

On KNBC TV tonight the weather man said today, here, had a windchill factor of 84 degrees. (Is that rubbing it in or what?)

I like paintings that shout back at me.

Somebody explain something to me. I can sorta understand homosexuals who are into being feminine and, in essence, adopting the traditional female role. But I don't understand homosexual men who are into sex with virtually-female men. Why not just get a woman? Or sex with a man. I really don't understand it.

I mean, I know people do it and god knows I've known all kinds of explanations, rationales, or whatever over the years. Am I strange or something? Perhaps not empathetic? I can understand sex with another man (as a man) better than I can synthetic females.

I suppose it is mostly mental, i.e., different attitudes. A woman wants, expects certain things, tangible & intangible. A man, as a woman, perhaps wouldn't. There is enough sexual variety in my readership that I know someone will have some kind of explanation for me.

Where did this come from? Watching "Boy George" do something on the telly.

Most of our beliefs, individually and by nation or race, are second-hand, given to us or taken by us without examination, often without proof, always with the feeling that someone, somewhere knew more about it than we do.

Becoming trite is an epigram's immortality.

26 Mar 1984 John Trimble, Ed Kline and Don, a friend of his, were so great this weekend, working Sat & Sun helping me move. We had short days, though intense, since I was borrowing my old landlord's truck & had to get it back by dark so they could make deliveries.

So we talked a lot in cafes. Had a tire shed rubber on the crest of the Sepulveda Fwy. I found my missing wallet. (It's really strange not having a wallet for about 6 weeks; you feel so cut off.) Still more to go, such as dismantling and transporting the studio. Then I have a bit over 2 weeks before I can move in. I called Harlan, since I knew he had a guest room and was more or less used to guests. "I have a big favor to ask," I said. "If I can do it, you've got it," he said briskly. Now that's a friend.

Actually, he has three guests now, so I won't bother him, but he insisted I call him back if I couldn't find a place, that they'd "do something." Well, part of being a friend is not fucking up the lives of your friends any more than you absolutely must. I've got a book to finish, other stuff to write, but I am thinking of maybe going to San Diego, getting a motel, writing until the Costume-Con starts. Maybe.

27 Mar 84 Bizarre telephone problem today: phone rings, hangs up after one ring; but it does it so quickly the answering machine picks up after the 4th ring...and records, alternately, whatever is on either Channel 7 or 11. Odd, odd, odd.

People do not buy talent, they buy results.

God, I'm hating moving and I'm loving it, too. My back hurts, I get light-headed if I bend over too much, I'm exhausted at day's end, I hate the effort & expense, but maybe (maybe!) I'll have enough room at the new place and get certain projects done. I will also not be living with Evan, his cats and his anal retentiveness; for those who know me well, let's say that as I am packrat to you, he is to me.

A flower is a weed in exultation.

Silence: Not being able to get a pause in sideways.



Ego is a mirror painted with your
favorite portrait of yourself

The bizarre telephone problem, Evan
belives, is the dog owner across the
street who we took to "dog court" some
months ago. Phone will ring a hundred
times a day, in patches of one after
another. We have planned retaliation.

"Man, that walking bag of seawater, is
but another way the Ocean has of going
ashore."

(Jules Verne)

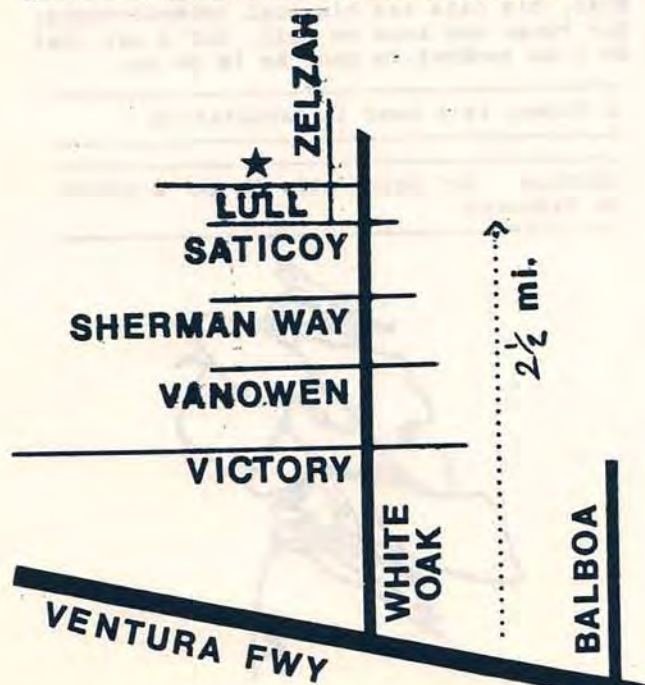
4 Apr 84 Went to see Tank, the Jim
Garner film, this afternoon in
my continuing program of fucking off. It
is fun, touching, and makes you feel good.
Waiting for it to start I saw someone put
ketchup on popcorn. # The light-headedness
continues sporadically, annoyingly, a kind
of mild version a lot of the time, punct-
uated by stronger ones. I'll finish the
new boom tomorrow I imagine and tomorrow
night I'm taking Sherry Gottlieb to din-
ner. Since I'm moving to Reseda (where
the wagons are still burning) I will never
see her again, except at conventions.

Once again I am late. Several new books
of quotations have come out lately which
are quite good. I just keep missing on
this. My agent, the famed Richard Curtis,
just couldn't even get interested, years
ago, when I offered it. Maybe he's years
late in not even taking it around.

My trouble is that my will is usually too
strong for the temptations offered me
and I miss a lot.

Of course, the above bit is not
really true (only some of the time) but
I'll not let that get in the way of a
possible quotation.

The future is scary; only the futures
that didn't happen are not frightening.



Rules of the House:

- 1: YOU MUST ABSOLUTELY BE YOURSELF.
Or anyone else that pleases you.
 - 2: CALL BEFORE YOU COME BY.
 - 3: NO SMOKING IN THE HOUSE.
 - 4: CHILDREN AND PETS ARE THE RESPONSIB-
ILITY OF THOSE WHO BROUGHT THEM.
Unruly examples of each will be
dealt with.
 - 5: (Traditionally unwritten.)
 - 6: DO NOT TOUCH ANY MODEL, WEAPON,
OR OBJECT OF ART WITHOUT PERMISSION
& PUT THE BOOKS BACK WHERE YOU
FOUND THEM.
 - 7: DRINKING IS WELCOME, DRUNKS ARE NOT.
-

22 Apr 1984 Easter Sunday. Yesterday
I did the most astounding
thing: I wore a suit. With a white
shirt & tie. For perhaps two hours.
Imagine that. A new suit, first time out.
Oh, and Paul Turner & Neola Graef got
married, too.

While I was down in San Diego at the
Costume-Con II, I bought a suit & had the
alterations made (you'd never know I was
carrying a gun). I figured that Neola's
parents were conservative & so were the
Vanderberg engineer types who would be
there & I didn't want to embarrass my
best friends. So I bought a cheap suit.
Of course, today a cheap suit (to me) is
\$200. Gawd.

But chronologically, let's get
straight. I have a phone:

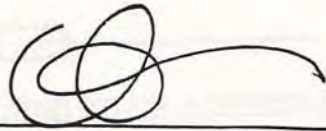
818/342-1895.

It is unlisted and while I don't want it
broadcast I certainly don't mind a dis-
crete dispersal. I am moved in but far
from set up. I went down to San Diego
for the last few days of my two weeks of
limbo before I could move in here. Wan-
dered all over SD one day, buying stuff,
seeing things, then went to the three days
of Costume-Con II, which was really very,
very nice.

Astrid Anderson Bear was the chairman;
there was a BIG sf/fantasy masquerade one
night, a fashion show the next afternoon,
and a historical masquerade that night. All
very superior. Many panels on everything
you could think of. I even gave my Flirt-
ation panel to about 50-60 women. They
seemed rather enthusiastic. Had din-din
with Greg/Astrid and was on a panel with
David Brin and kept my mouth shut about
them winning the Nebulae, as if my policy.
(I had just had the awards engraved.)

Then the next Friday I went up to
exotic Umpoc. As I pulled up Neola came
running out at about a 40° tilt like a
cartoon character to greet me. Their
phone had been out & I had no phone until
the day before & it was unlisted. She had
just given up on seeing me.

Met her parents, who are, as I said,
conversative but not stiff. Actually,
quite pleasant. He sells factories (the
mechanical part) & they live in Florida.
We met Barbara Silverberg for dinner; she
had along her boy friend, named Bill (you
never said his last name, Bobbie) so that
there were three Bills and two Neolas at
dinner. (Mother & daughter).



WELL-BALANCED SENSIBLE LINE YEARNING TO BE FREE

Angry Questions:

- Why do people part their names in one side, leaving vestigial letters out front like alphabetical bumpers?
- Do frozen embryos produce people who are afraid of the cold?
- Do those fetuses who have photographs taken have an aversion to bright lights after birth?
- Why do networks and local television stations cut in for an "important" News Break about something you may be interested in, but can do absolutely nothing about or which doesn't much affect you—and they always do it not during precious commercials breaks, but during the programming you are looking at, and often only a short time before a regular newscast. Then they take their time, telling you it was a So-and-So News Break on such and such a station or network, display some standard graphics, then finally go away.
- How did we get this far when so many people are stupid?
- What are "the cat's pajamas?"



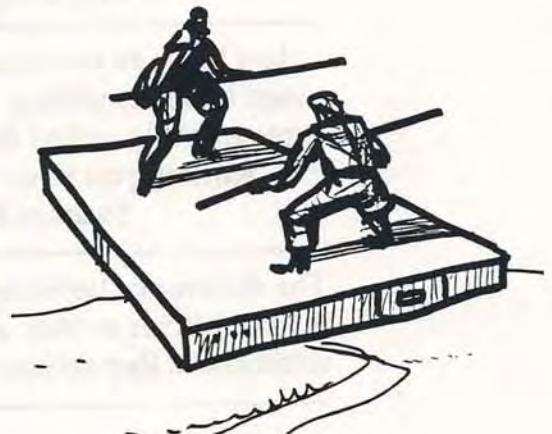
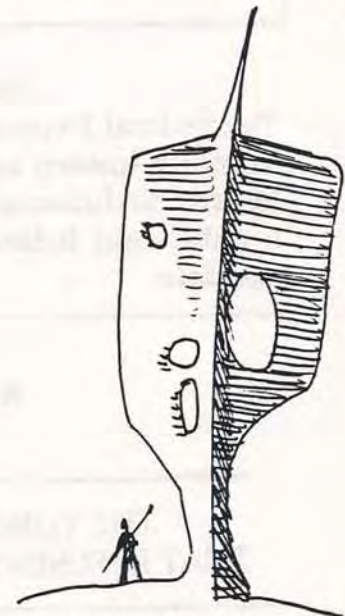
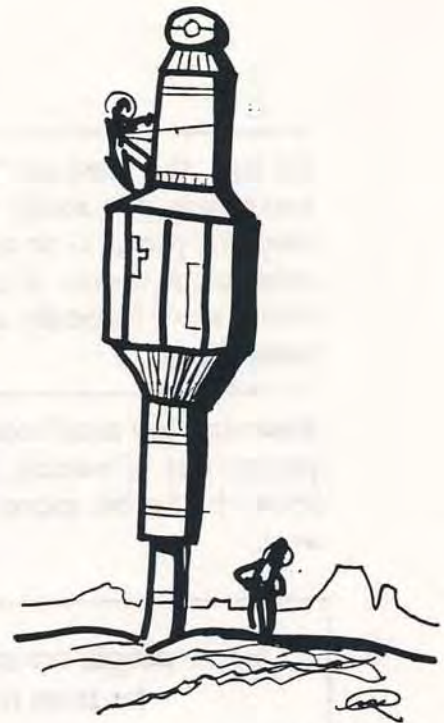
TURBULENCE IN THE STATUS QUO

You can't know a lot about women without being a cynic. But I'm a Romantic, so you have to say the same thing can be said about men.

KANSAS

Topography exaggerated for emphasis

You may speak, even speak loudly and often and well, but there is no guarantee even one person will hear, much less heed.





TELEPHONE SYSTEM, SIMPLIFIED

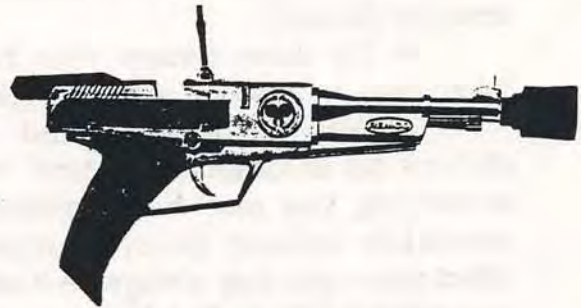
To me, the idea of "retirement" is alien. It means you spent your life doing something you really didn't want to do and now you want to get away from it. To stop, for physical or other logical reasons is one thing, but to stop on someone else's schedule is dumb. It's probably why men, when they retire, die off soon and women don't, since basically and traditionally they just go on doing what they always have been doing.

Knowing too much science may take the poetry out of nature, but if we come to know just a bit more, it is replaced by awe.

Some people are moral foghorns
far from the sea.

Notice:

The Federal Department of Redundancy, formerly known as the Department of Federal Redudunacy, has been declared a redundant federal department as of this date.



This is a "raygun" that appeared in stores in the early 60s, odd in two ways: it had no TV or movie tie-in and it was a good, adult-size original design. I bought perhaps ten. I took off that black rear bar & the fold-up sight and in the notch I put a transverse wooden dowel, repainted it all aluminium.

Along with the plastic holsters they made quite acceptable prop guns for my "pioneering" fumetti comic strip *The Explorers*, which was like a very low budget still photo *Star Trek* several years before ST began.

I had a lot of stuff in storage at the ranch where my nephews & their friends managed to break, steal or ruin tons of stuff.

THE THROWN ROCK THAT REFUSES TO COME DOWN

I wonder if a cannibal fellatrice
is ever tempted?

Just because you want something or
want to be something doesn't mean you
are naturally suited for it. If you really
want it, you have to train for it.

Suzanne Horn

The difference between a Democrat and
a Republican is that a Democrat steals
retail and a Republican steals wholesale.

The trouble with vacations is
getting away from the pressure to relax.

TEETERTOTTER OUT OF BALANCE

To be happy you must be well-used.

The Masque Photo Page



Figure out why
you were born
and get back to me.

We have different sets of
rules for friends, family,
strangers and celebrities.
And, of course, for that
eternal special case—
ourselves.

According to Suzanne,
these photos were taken at
the 1990 Loscon (by
someone who doesn't
know flash...)

"Men lose their tempers in
defending their taste."
Ralph Waldo Emerson

Taste is
undefined opinion. past
experience, and whim.



This was done for Len.

The actress is Tori Welles, one of the porn stars,
a Raquel Welchlookalike (now retired with a baby)
that Len had the hots for several years ago.
The sign says, "Eat Your Heart Out, Len Wein!"



Talking to Brittany O'Connell, an actress who has, to my mind, a remarkable facial & coloring similarity to Suzanne Horn. Since these pictures she has had her bosoms enlarged., so watching her "at work" is an even odder sensation.



6 August 1994

I took this lady (Shirley Long) to the Senior Prom, in 1944, our first & only date, but it could have been her twin sister, Sharon.



In a rented tux at the Wolfman wedding.

Masquerade, Torcon,
Toronto, 1973.

I was fan guest of honor, back when my beard was not yet white. Vincene Wallace & I were at the halfway point of a six week trip all around the U.S. What these badly printed shots do not show in her red-headed coloring. I did enjoy how she walked out on the runway there before the largest collection of fans yet. But then, as a stripper, she'd done that before.





I'm talking to Rebecca Bardoux,
one of the leading actresses.



Rebecca notices Sandy Cohen about
to take a picture, so she poses.



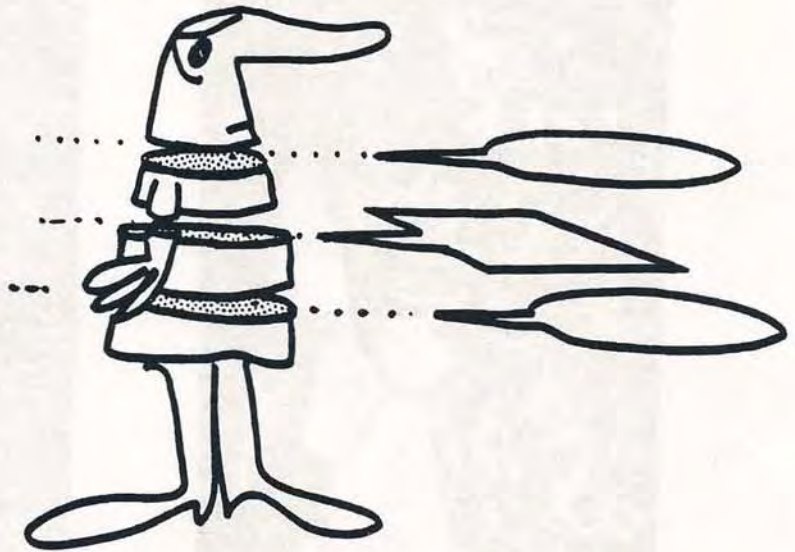
She turned her back and wiggled her
bum into me. Not knowing what to
do exactly, I put my hands on her
waist—*flash!*—and she grabs my
hands and put them over her boobs—
oh, how I fought!—and Sandy didn't
get the shot!



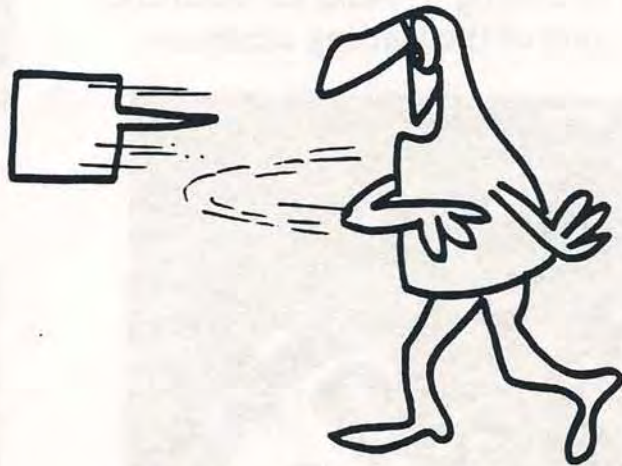
Getting up from my lap,
Kylie Ireland puts her magically
enhanced bosom on display.



CENSOR



MISSED OPPORTUNITIES



FROM THE HEART



GREED



MUMBLE

Some people sent out on the sea of matrimony in leaky boats, some without a compass, and others without being able to swim back.

A William Rotsler-Bill Warren Mini-Dictionary

- Supermodels are supermodels because of selective breeding.
- Divorce is society's way of shuffling the deal.
- Men who call their bedroom a "chamber of love" have been reading *Cosmopolitan* too much.
- If women could decide among themselves who got what man there wouldn't be enough Brad Pitts to go around.
- If women could decide among themselves who got what man...wait a minute—they do.
- Having to use a sex manual means you'll do it better.

Telling a lie is so easy for so many. You do it to ease things through, to get along, little lies to make others feel good, lies to edit your life, lies to get ahead, lies to avoid unpleasantness. Pretty soon it is easy, then you get good at it and are lost.

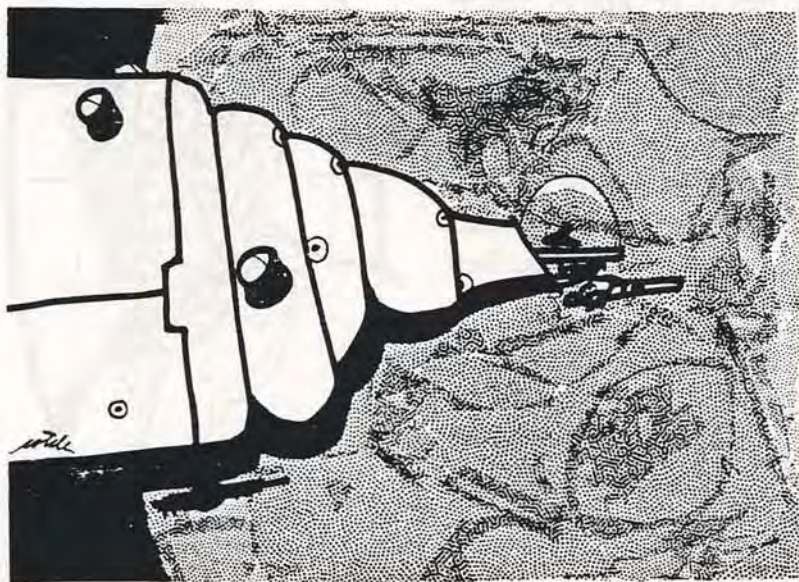
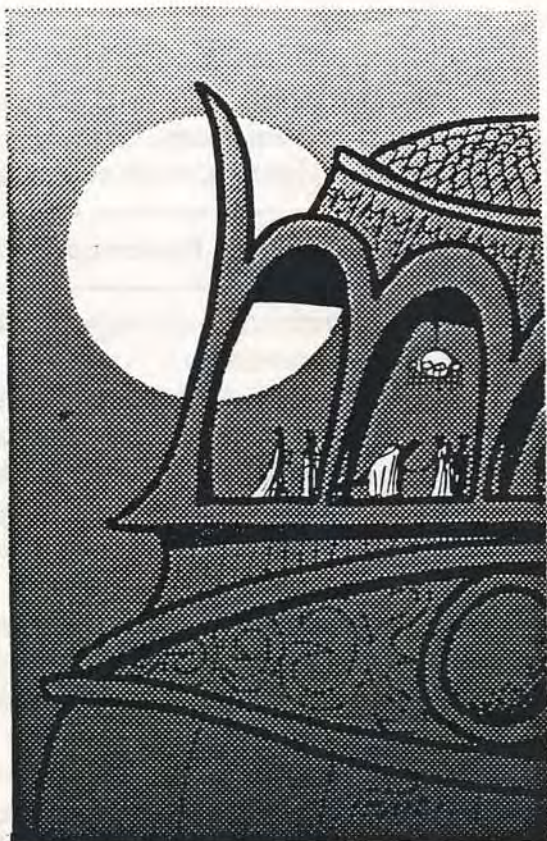
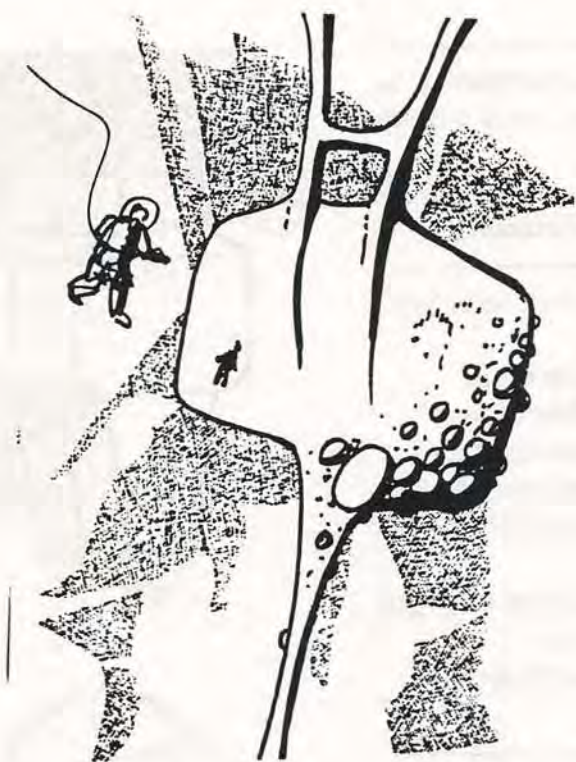
The lies at first are always about small, unimportant things, but the importance of the lies—which you think of as "untruths" or "partially true"—grows until they are no longer about trivial things but important things, vital things, and your life is curbed by the lies you tell. And tell so easily.

We let ourselves off so easily and so often. Excuses become reasons. Lies become near-truths. It's someone else's fault. I didn't know the lie was loaded. Me before everyone.

Do not imitate. You are automatically second. You can adapt, build upon, admire and be inspired, but imitation is theft and stupidity.

Circumstances—good, bad and indifferent—descend equally random upon king and peasant, ill-doer and saint—but we cannot live our lives with a lightning rod in our ear and a short wire tying us to the ground. We must do things and be free.





I guess it started with PLAN AHEAD and got worse. I was cursed in art school by a very good sculptor named David Smith who taught lettering, the beauty of it, even the reason for it. (For example, the reason letters, in Roman style letters, are shaped the way they are is because most people are right-handed.) Once exposed to what is right and beautiful, and with the world graffitied with crap it is a curse. Bad lettering grates on me every time. It is a "finernails on the blackboard" kind of thing.

PLAN Ahead!

It's a curse, I tell you. One of the reason I like Palatino is that it is a beautifully designed, friendly, and "airy" typeface.

oo

OO



Greg Bear, preface,
The Wind From A Burning Woman

Life was meant to be lived
in the present sense.

50 THINGS TO DO BEFORE I DIE

Say or write one line that becomes so famous everyone quotes it, yet it never has the serial numbers filed off and becomes "Anonymous."

Get to handpick the cast of the biofilm they will make of my life. To give it authenticity the actresses playing the parts of former lovers must become former lovers.

Have a bengal tiger as a friend and pal.

Make love in the Sequoias.

Have headline strippers consider my house their house when they come to town.

Go to Mars. And back.

Make love to Connie Selleca, but since she is married, I'll wait.

Be able to assume any shape I want.

Make love in an airplane.

Learn to skindive and do it at the Great Barrier Reef.

Photographs nudes in the Seychelles Islands in the sunlight and press the envelope of sexuality at night.

Understand rock singers clearly.

Find a certain former lover and tell her I never forgot.

Learn how to take a compliment gracefully.

Have a body that make women short of breath.

Be an even better liar.

Chilled champagne, chocolate mints, a hot tub, and two hand-picked beautiful women with large busts, taut stomachs, with marvelous laughs and no inhibitions.

Find a galleon of gold.

Fall into a vat of something (alternate: pass through mysterious rays from outer space) and develop a penis that becomes the size and shape my sex partner has fantasized about all her life.

Discover an unplundered Egyptian tomb.

Make love underwater in the marble ruins of a sunken temple in the Aegean Sea.

Pour molten lead from the roof of Notre Dame.

Shower in a waterfall with a Polynesian beauty.

Write a novel everyone reads and no one forgets.

Write the *Kama Sutra* for the 21st century.

Take all my old and new friends to Carnival in Rio.

Have a Bond Street tailor and my own last.

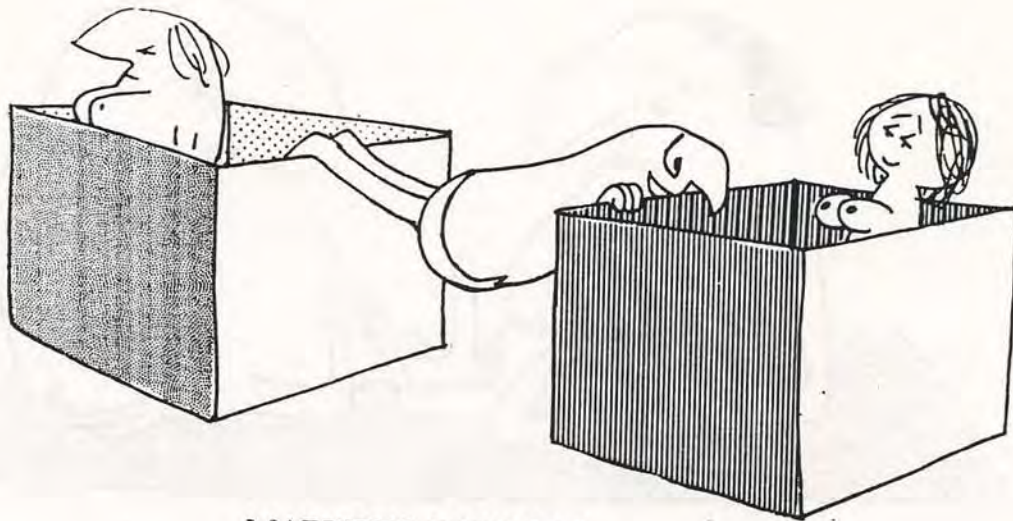
Meet Sophia Loren at the moment she wants to cheat.

Find an unpublished Erich Wolfgang Korngold movie score.

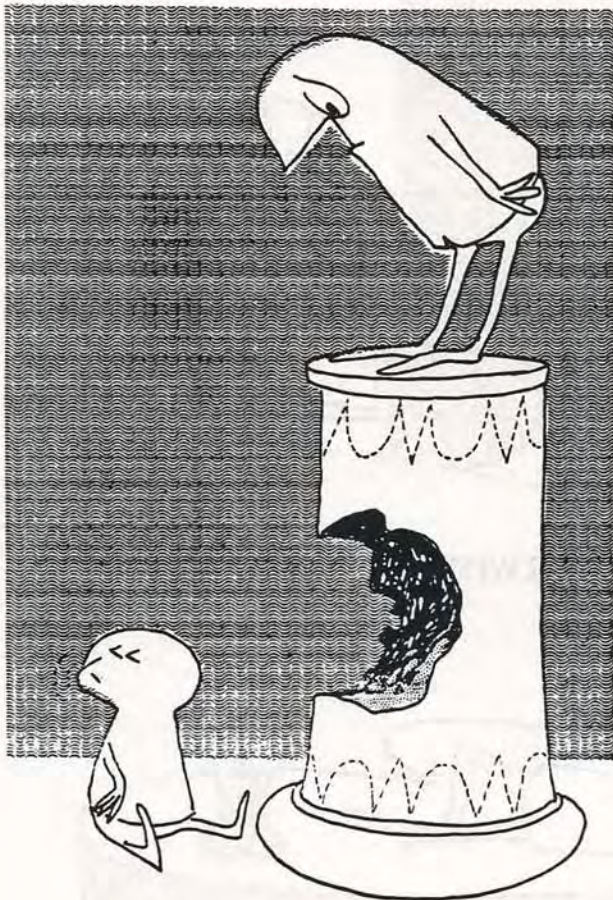
Make love on a bear rug before a fireplace in the winter by the sea with a woman I've just fallen in love with. No, wait, I did that one.

Have a white Corvette again.

Teach every month's *Playboy* Playmate how to properly perform fellatio.



MARRIED? WHO, ME?



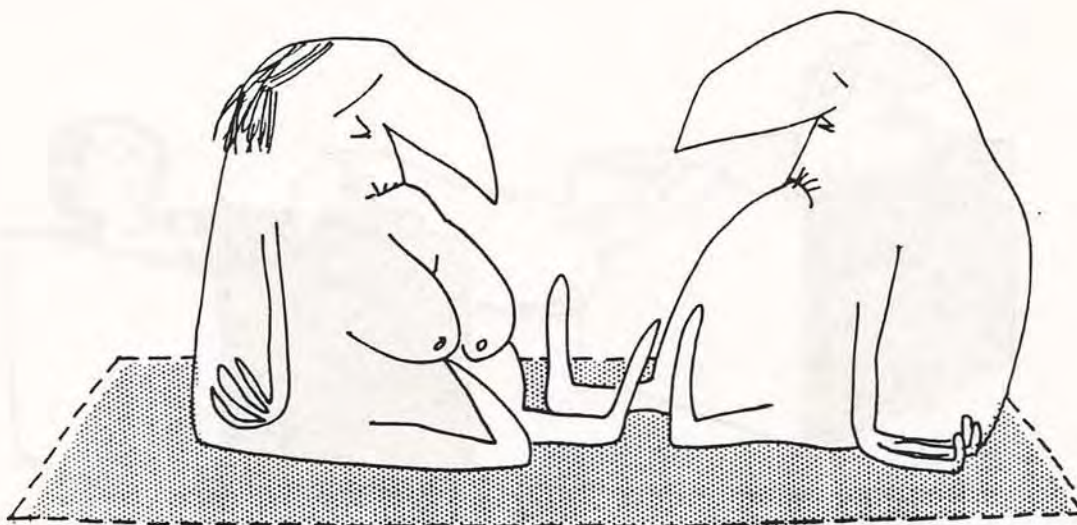
FATHERHOOD

SIXTIES REDUX

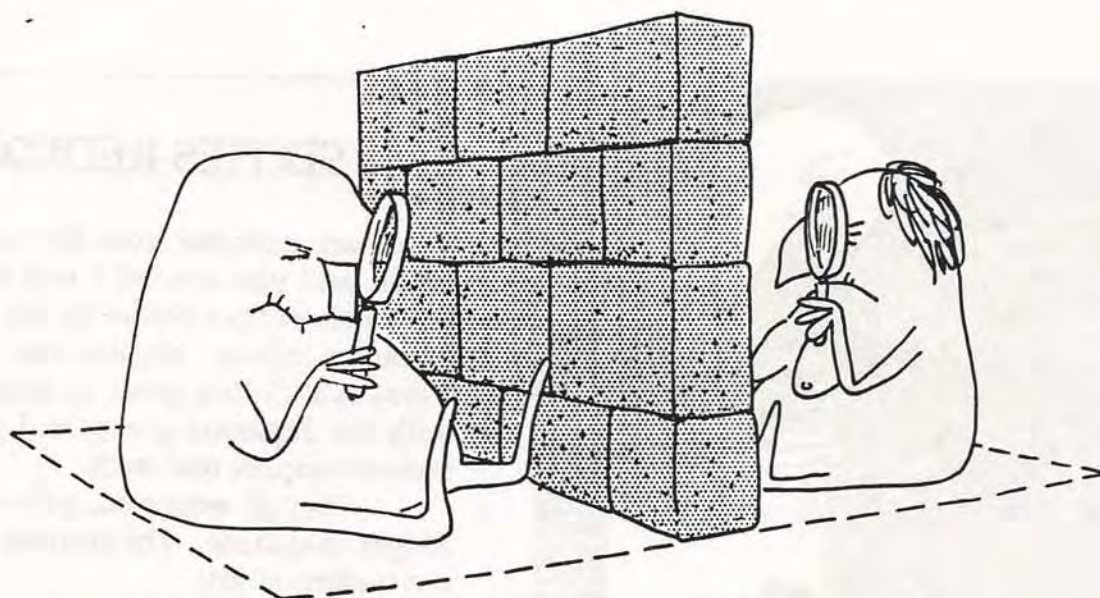
These are cartoons from the very early 1960s, and you can tell I was divorced only a short time before by my attitude toward marriage. My line was too thin, I was not all that great in detailing, as with the Zipatone grays, and going by these examples, one-track.

They all appeared, with others, in *Knight* magazine. The printed captions are contemporary.

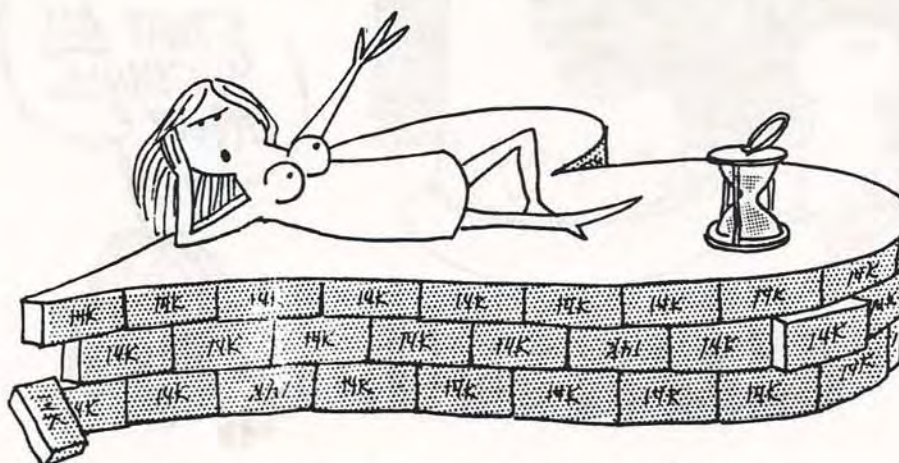




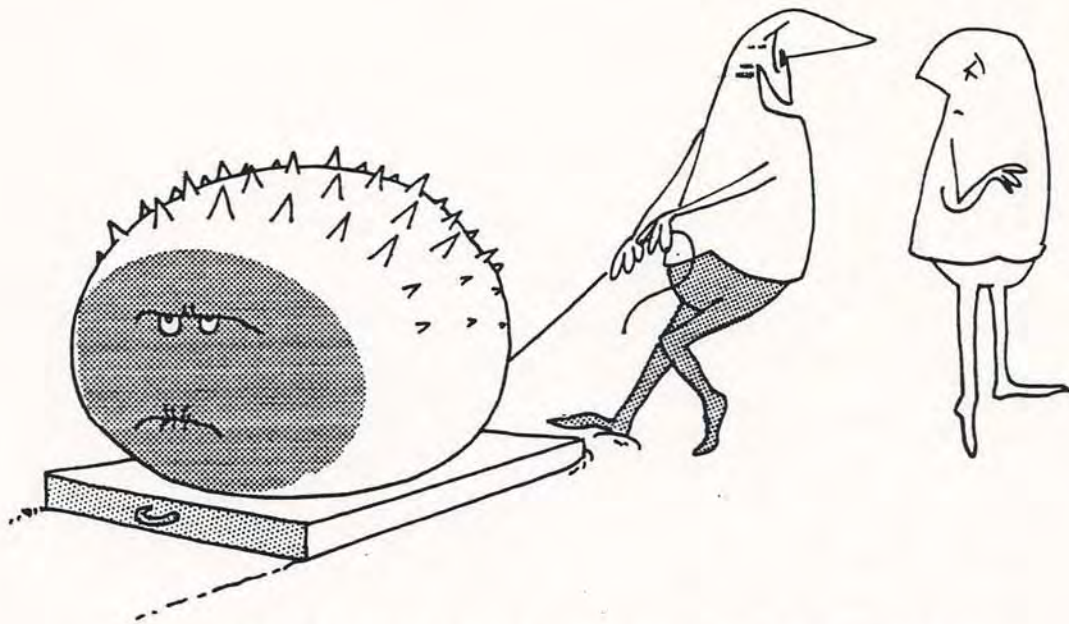
OUR MARRIAGE HAS LASTED LONGER
THAN ANY OF OUR FRIENDS



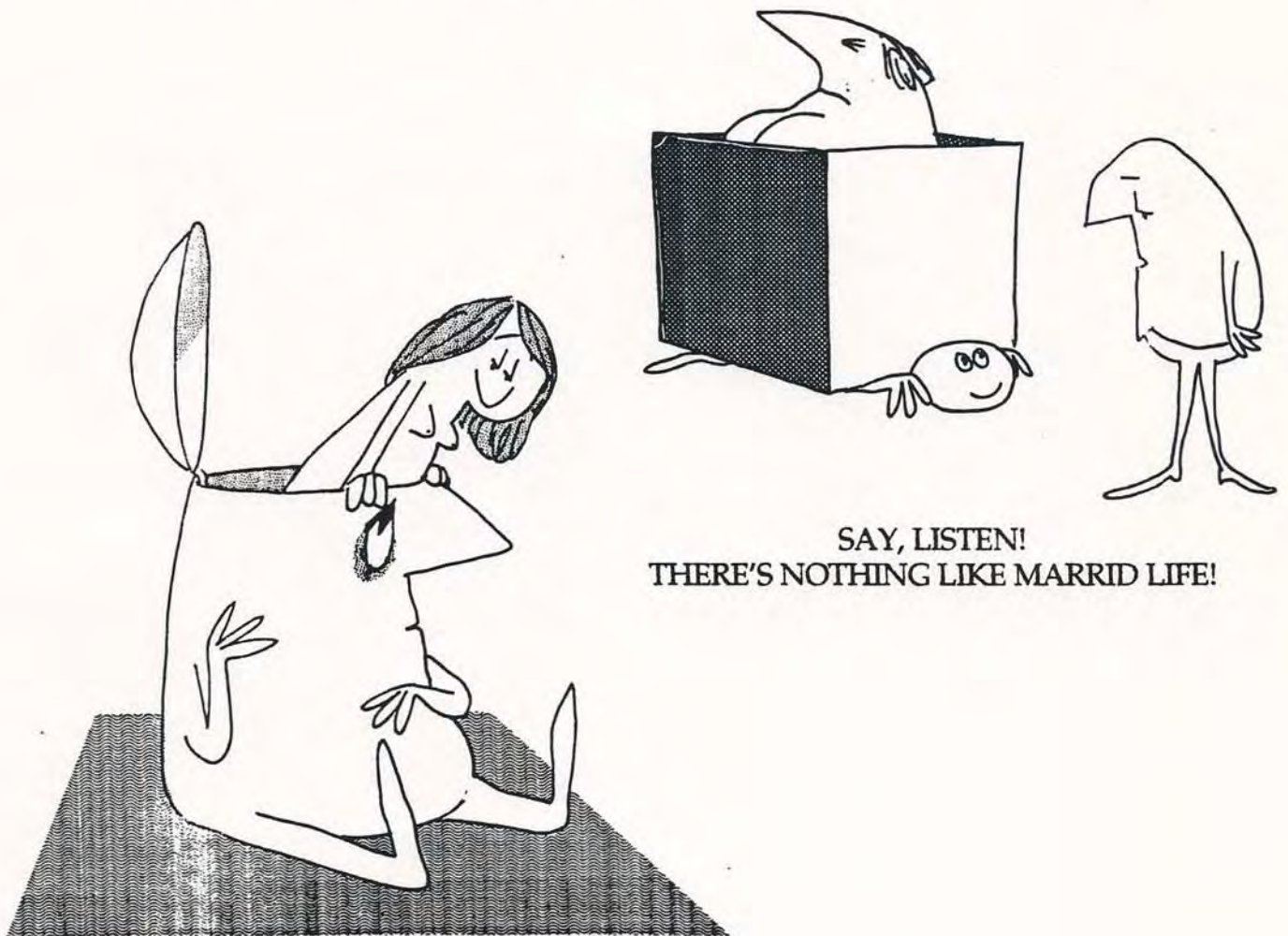
THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH OUR MARRIAGE



WHY CAN'T I HAVE ROMANTIC LOVE
AND ECONOMIC SECURITY!



MARRIAGE IS OKAY, ONCE YOU GET USED TO IT



SAY, LISTEN!
THERE'S NOTHING LIKE MARRID LIFE!

I WANT TO BE NEAR YOU ALWAYS

ROTSLER'S RULES FOR WRITING & CREATIVITY



No writers were injured or killed in the production of this book, though a minimalist poet was traumatized enough to start doing rhyming couplets.



AN IDEA WHOSE TIME
HAD PASSED

ROTSLER'S RULES FOR WRITING



Rotsler's First Rule of Writing:

Never use a word in your title that people cannot pronounce or are unsure of pronouncing correctly, for they will not ask for nor talk about your book.



Rotsler's Second Rule of Writing:

The ideal number of his or her books for a writer to find in a bookstore is one. If the rack is full you feel no book has sold; if there are no books you cannot be certain they ever had them. Seeing one copy means they have the book and some sold because they never order just one.



The ideal number of books for a writer to find on a bookstore shelf is one. If the shelf is full you feel they haven't sold any; if the shelf is empty you cannot be certain they ever had them. Seeing one copy says they have them and some sold.



There are three reasons
for writers to collaborate:
(1) What they do together is better
or different than what they would
do individually;
(2) Neither one wants to work
very hard; (3) Money.



What do your characters want?
Who or what prevents them from
getting it? Why?
Is what they want
what they should have?



Your central character must do the
central thing, must function
importantly at the climax, when
the rock meets the hard place.



You are not God when you write a
world. You must have rules,
even if they are your own rules,
and you cannot break them.



Always write about what you
know, even if you have to fake it.



Only three types of people
who read forewords:
Reviewers, relatives and the idle.

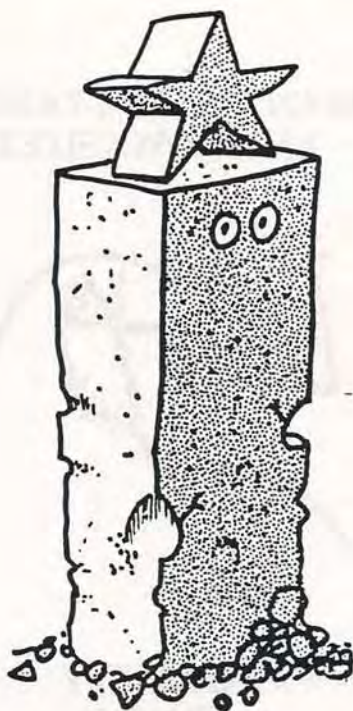


Writing an epigram,
or something like an epigram,
is the trick of being aware
of a neatness,
a completeness of truth,
in ordinary thought.



A screenplay is a plan, a map,
a direction,
not a piece of literature.





INSCURE WRITER

Writers have a cast of characters they keep casting and recasting in various roles, changing their looks, their occupations, even their gender, but it's the same basic repertoire road company.



They say
"Everyone has a book in him, or her." Perhaps. Some people have only paragraphs or short stories. Some have only footnotes, other graffiti. But some have libraries.



Writing is telling your own story—real or imagined—under a variety of disguises.



I use a high-speed monodigital typing system; "high-speed" meaning slightly faster than I think.



What a writer needs most, beyond a vocabulary and typing skills, beyond education or research, beyond luck or vision, even beyond ideas—is the discipline to sit down and actually write, and finish what is started.



A moral at the end of story
makes people think
they understood it all along.



Never phone an editor at your own expense. If they refuse the call, it tells you something.



Never make stupid mistakes in your writing like having revolvers with safeties, people meeting that couldn't possibly have met, not consulting city and state maps, naming a character after someone you know, faking professional jargon, and disregarding or violating physical laws



Never let someone who is responsible for a portion of your income think you really need the money. They will remember and someday take advantage of that situation.



There are two kinds of fantasy authors: Those who write books with dragons in them, and the rest.



Happiness is first draft work
of a classical nature.





GOD ON A BAD PROPHECY DAY

I WANT TO BUY FANDOM
AND DOWNSIZE IT!



LIGHTNING BOLTS DON'T
KILL PEOPLE—
GODS KILL PEOPLE



GRAVITY
SUCKS!



YES, LAWD?

SPLASH!
KA-BLOOB!
SQUID!
SWAP!
KA-BLOB!
Ploosh!

STOP DANCING
IN THE TOILET!



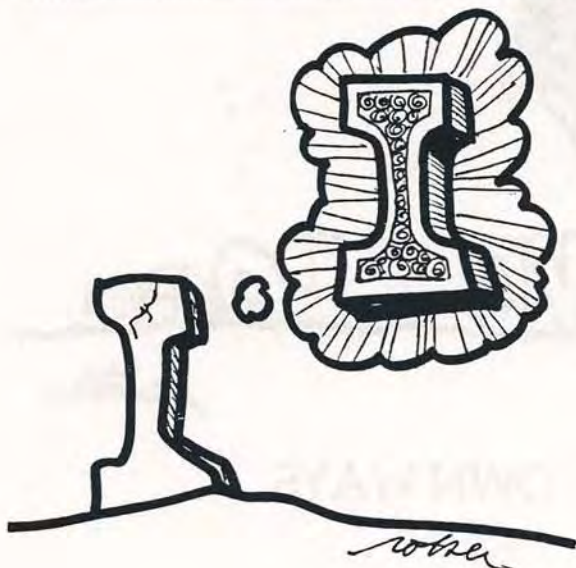
Never offend anyone who has control of
your food out of your sight.

Every time I get it figured out it changes.
Jack Jardine



HIDDEN MEANINGS

Love is composed of only a few things:
flesh, deeds, thoughts and caring.
Without them, or without intensity,
it is only liking.



Vanity is made of the fat cut from logic.

When my ship comes in
there'll be a dock strike.

Since the invention of waterbeds a lot of
people think of sex as an aquatic sport.
Shannon Carse



A CONVERSATION TO REMEMBER

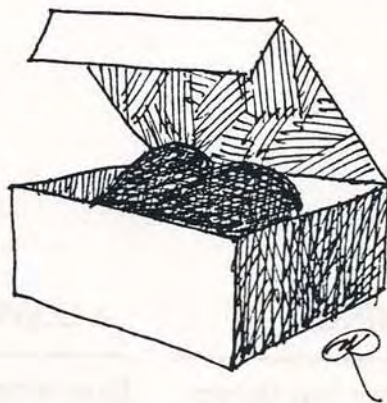
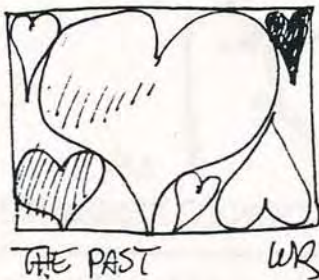
How wonderful it would be to be able to
choose the attributes of a lover like a
Chinese meal—one from Column A, two
from Column B, and a free fortune
cookie surprise.

Love is a comedy from the outside
and a tragedy from the inside.

Never avoid a family reunion or your
absence will be the topic of all future
family discussions.

Shannon Carse

Learn to tell a joke. Learn to remember
a joke, especially the punchline.



LOVE'S OWN WAYS

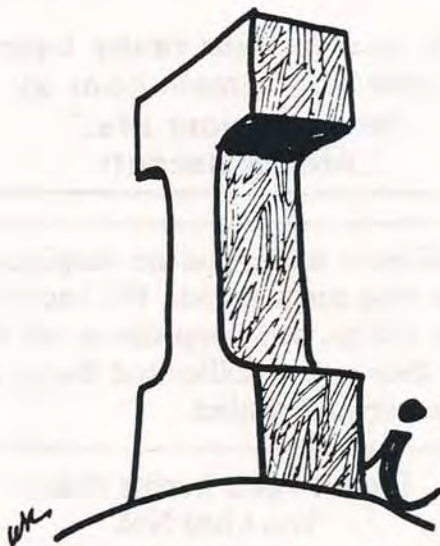
Any day now a computer
is going to be named in a divorce suit.



HAVING FUN?

We all know that books burn—yet we
have the greater knowledge that books
cannot be killed by fire.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt



I'M GOING TO BE FOUND OUT,
I KNOW IT, I KNOW IT!

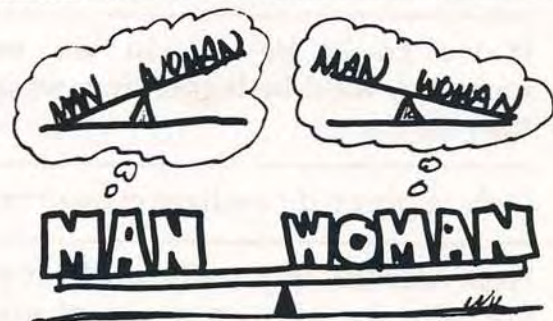
To laugh at yourself can be the hardest
laugh you'll ever release, but the best as
well.

A boy becomes a man and a girl
becomes a woman when they
understand they are responsible for
their actions.

People have complained that there are
no *standards* in California. Well,
perhaps, but there are no real
limitations, either, or an *real* rules. You
make—no, re-make—your life your
way. And if you don't like that draft,
you do another.



Another lie detector is a birth certificate.



Complacency is smug apathy.

Her voice came softly,
asking for assurances,
quietly hoping for an erotic medal.

Images of Love

Uschi

The xerox does neither Uschi justice, nor my photograph. It's b/w, part of a lush, sensual set I did of The Magnificent Oosh. This photo was taken at "the second Hollyridge house" about 1970-72, when she was 28-30, and I think at her peak.

That my living room wall, covering in cut velvet, but temporarily, As all things were, really, in my houses. She's standing on Oceanus, a 7x9-foot waterbed, and you can see a bit of the bright-striped cloth we had made the room into a tent with. The colors are brown, yellow, dark red, flesh.

About where the camera is was the site of how Don Simpson made me laugh and *not* fornicate the lady in question.

At the wedding of my best friend I said of him that he was a man I would trust with my life. Another guest grinned and said, "I can do better than that. I trust him with my tools."

When you get thrown by a cock
you have to get right back on.

If we could be certain we were immortal, we'd be bigger time wasters than we are.

Only in prison do we have enough time.

Non-violence only *really* works if you are using it against an opponent who is not really violent.

The hardest persons to convince to retire
are children.

Wilson Tucker's business card says,
"Wilson Tucker, by appointment,
natural inseminations."

They broke the mold on him—
then they made him.



**"If you've ever really been
poor you remain poor at
heart all your life."
...Arnold Bennett**

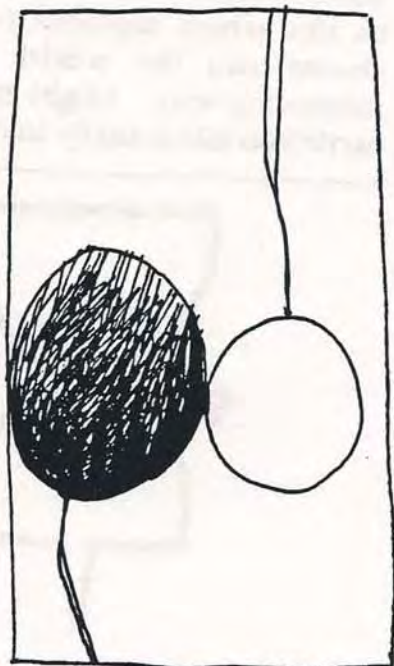
We all have follies and are suspicious of those who seem not to. We know them to be follies, but deep down we don't care: they are *our* follies and that is all of it. Reason is excluded.

Love is never having to say
You Must Not.

Some women say they are in love like making a declaration of war; some men say they are in love as though they have surrendered.

Bill neglected to find this photo, alas.
-bw

Experience does not make fools wise, as the proverb says. That they do not learn is what makes them fools.



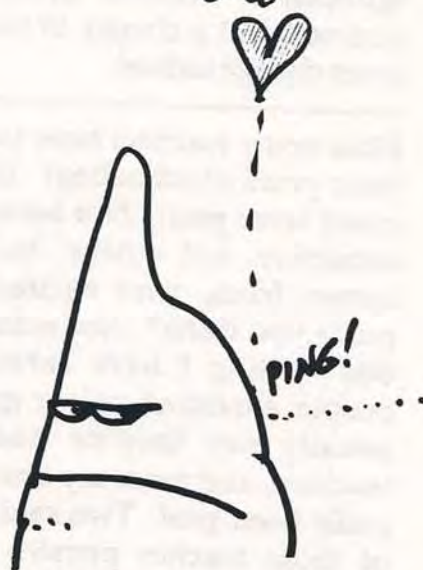
OPPOSITES ATTRACT EACH OTHER

Why are male porn stars so confident? First of all, they generally have a good body, and an ego that says "Look at me!" Secondly, they know the woman—or women—are not going to refuse them. They know, going in, there will be sex, what kind of sex, and what the limitations, if any, are. That alone would give any man confidence.



ALIEN MONEY. WRSB

Her skin fit her as well as skin can fit.



We all make love to fantasies from time to time.



We can seldom imagine people other than ourselves engaging in sex. This explains the curious popularity of pornography.

The difference between ignorance and innocence is this: You can change your ignorance without much changing yourself, but a change in innocence is a great change indeed.

How many teachers have you had in all your years of schooling? Of these how many were *good*? Not personalities, not attractive, not quirky, but those you *learned* from, who excited you, who made you think? Nor many, right? At this writing I have asked about 250 people, almost all college graduates, say usually say they've had 50 to 100 teachers, and most say one or two have really been *good*. Two said five and one of those teaches physics at Harvard. What percentage is that?

Think of this: One good teacher can light fires that will burn for lifetimes. One bad teacher can extinguish the sparks of creativity and individuality in many lives.

My idea is this: Do nation-wide research to find those special teachers at every grade and in every commonly-taught subject. Then from these pick (by whatever process seems sensible) two for every subject. Give them all the facilities of television—sets, animation, props, trips to places, film clips, whatever they reasonably want—and produce a series of 45-minute tapes, to be played in ninety-minute classes.

The first complaint I hear is from teachers, not students or parents. Teachers say this denies them their right to teach. Tough. When the situation is as desperate as it is we need something new, a new direction, a new approach. Teachers already use all kinds of teaching aids—this only goes a step or two further.

How much did *you* learn from such television shows as *Connections*, *America*, *The Ascent of Man*, *Nova*, *National Geographic Specials*, and many others? Think what such a series might be like which captures your interest, shows you the world in such an interesting way. Might this approach excite you into actually *learning*?



CENSORSHIP

There are more dusty copies of the Bible than dusty copies of *Playboy*.

Richard H. Eney

Beer is middle-class wine;
wine is upper-class beer.
Then, again, I drink root beer.

You think of getting a divorce and the next thing you think is,
"Where will I go? What will I do?"

You know people, you think you will always know them one way or another. But you don't keep up, people move, you get back your Christmas card and they are lost. You haven't seen them in awhile, but that's all right, they just live on the other side of the city, only then they aren't and you haven't a clue. Then you think, Oh, so-and-so kept in touch...but they didn't. Keep in touch with your friends, even though you've all taken different paths, because you will always wonder what might have been.

Faith in ourselves is such a basic thing we are hardly aware it is there until we lose it. Without faith that you can succeed, you cannot proceed; without faith that you can do, you cannot accomplish. To lose that faith is to lose our future.

Freedom is never free. They may be glides where you need not do much more than pay your taxes and not break the law too much, but eventually you or yours must climb another hill, make sacrifices, spill blood and fight. You never fight just for your personal freedom, but for everyone's, for if you are to be free, everyone must be free.

IN MOVIES WHY DO —

—people only punch five or six buttons on a telephone?

—people always back into rooms where there are *things* hanging?

—crazy people always pick the largest knife in the kitchen, then hold it as no knife fighter would?

—fruit & vegetable stands always get hit by speeding cars?

—they kill the least prominent actor first?

—they recap by having the actor turn into the camera and say, "So what you are saying is..."

—Why do movie characters touch spilled blood, then taste it? Especially in this day of AIDS.

More Rotsler Similes:

As tasty as raw chicken.

Bland as the first free checks they give you.

Busy as a chameleon on plaid.

Confident as a woman with a boob job.

Plain as a pair of work shoes.

She was the top ornament in the Christmas tree of life.



[illegible]

THE USUAL REACTION

Love is something you can't explain,
even to yourself.

What the hell is going on? A 5-foot-three woman who weighs over 300 pounds is suing a theater for a million and a half bucks because she can't fit in a seat! A man shoots a burglar invading his home and shoots him—and the crook sues and *wins!* School teachers are advised by their union lawyers they cannot touch a child or be behind closed doors with one. Men are accused by grown men who say they have a *repressed memory* of being molested as a child. Some schools are having students sign date consent forms about how far they are permitted to go. (Is a smile sexual harassment?) Robbers shoot people after they have what they want. A wounded gang member seems amazed that it hurts, that it isn't cartoon violence. Songs that advocate shooting police are big hits. A woman cuts off her husband's penis and is set free!

What the hell is going wrong? The logical extension of all this is a fragmented, isolated society. This is not for a second to ignore or negate rape, sexual harassment, or any legitimate complaint. But we are running scared, confusing freedom with isolation, what is right with what is politically correct. The very words of our language—the *only thing we have in common!*—is being warped, meanings reversed or arbitrarily changed, verbal precision a distant thought.

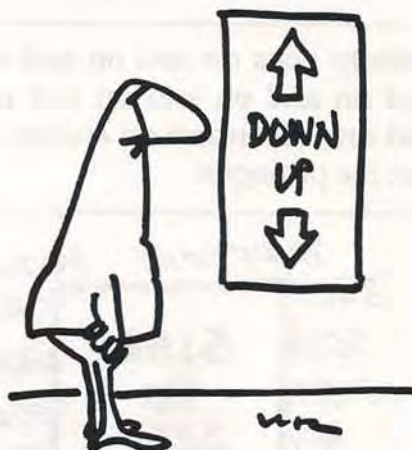
Look not for perfume in the pig pen.

There are no cures for snoring
except separate bedrooms,
even separate houses.

More things are possible now and fewer impossible than we used to think possible. The difference seems less technological than mental. If we want something bad as a country, as a race, we can have it. It is a matter of priorities.

Never ask where your sex partner
learned those things.

Love is an experience which everyone should try, but making a habit of it is frowned upon.



Change always has enemies—but if they decide to like it they call it progress.

Pioneers—pioneer in anything—get filled with arrows. But they also get the glory...eventually.

No man falls in love with an ugly woman. Somehow, they always become beautiful.

Whispering: A tongue with a silencer.

of Leaving Things Alone:

You can get over any disastrous love affair if you leave it alone.

Corollary 1: If it still hurts you haven't left it alone long enough.

Corollary 2: If you pick at it, it will take longer to get over it.

Corollary 3: If you try to find another love too soon you will botch it up.

Corollary 4: If you sit back and wait too long you will screw it up, too.

Corollary 5: The hardest part is recognizing the next love.

Corollary 6: But don't worry, you'll know it when it happens.

Corollary 7: It may not happen.

Infinity goes on and on and on and on
and on and on and on and on and on
and on and on and on and on and that's
just the prologue.

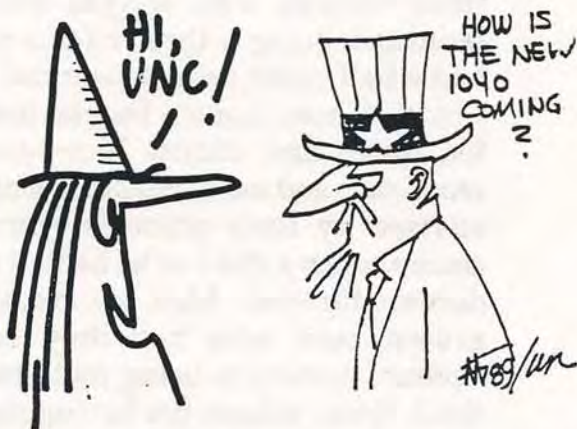
GLAD TO SEE YOU

BUFFOONS FOOLS
 BLATHE SCUM
 IDIOTS RAT
 NO 60 INCOMPE
 BUMBLING MORONS
 ASSES
 NERDS
 ESANTS
 TERKS
 HOLE



Doctors deal very well with things they know and can understand, but not with the unknown.

In dreams, logic is in hiding
and reasons are unimportant.

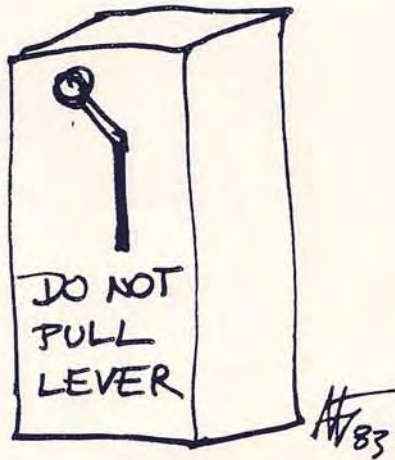
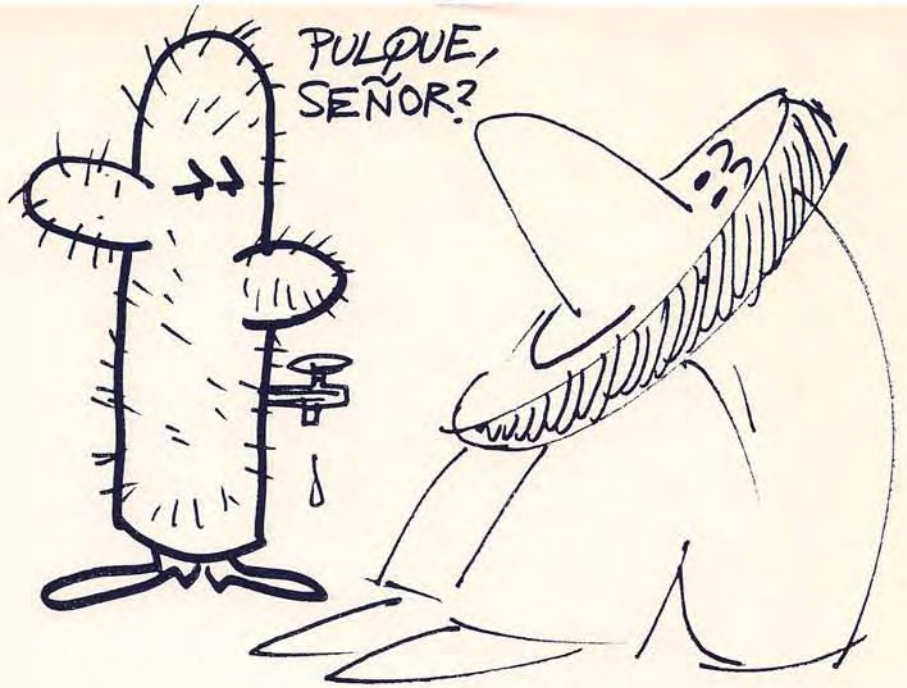


Actors desire the audience to fall in love with them, and it matters not whether the audience is in a theater, on the street, or in private.

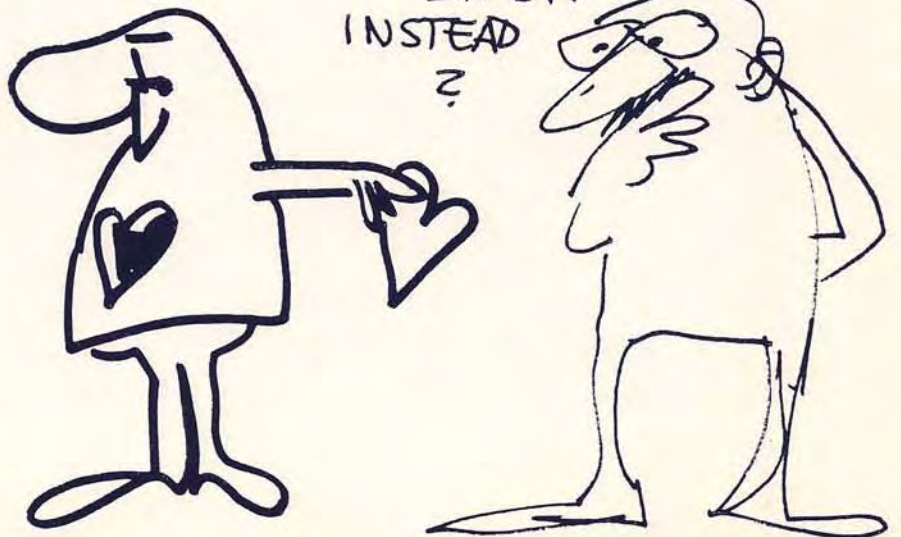


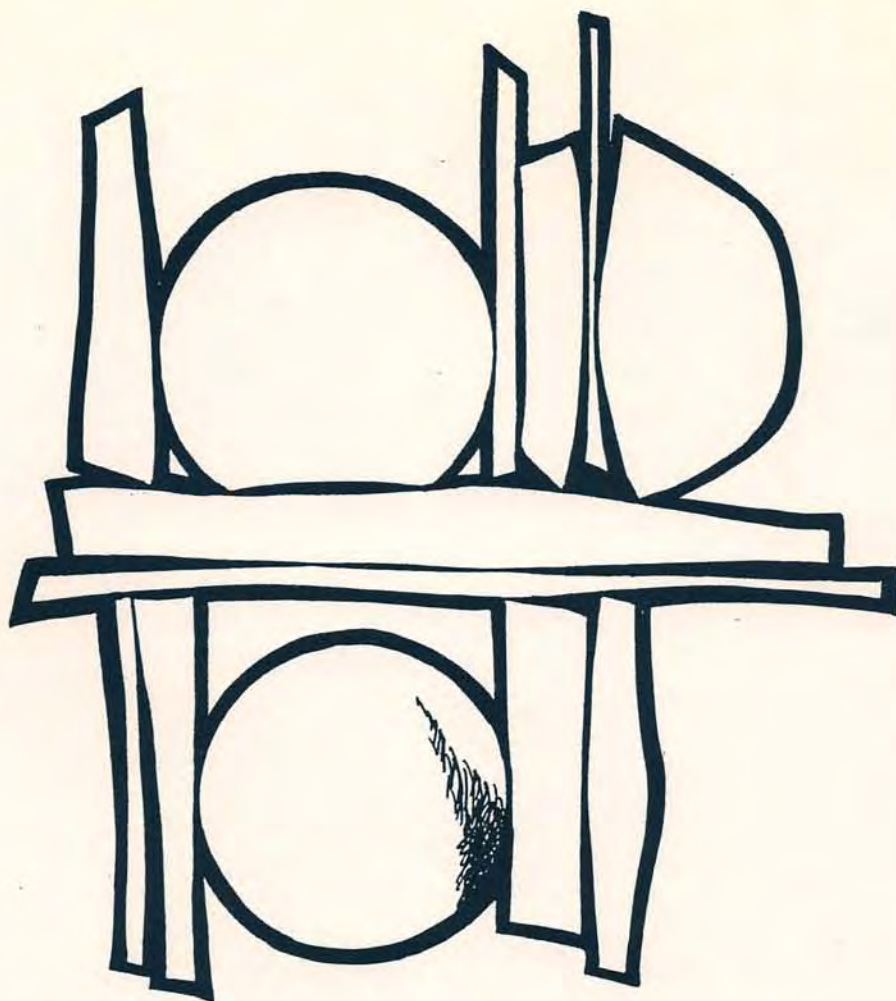
SOME THOUGHTS ARE BEST HIDDEN

Why aren't there Gods? There should
be some gods to complain to!
Paul C. Turner

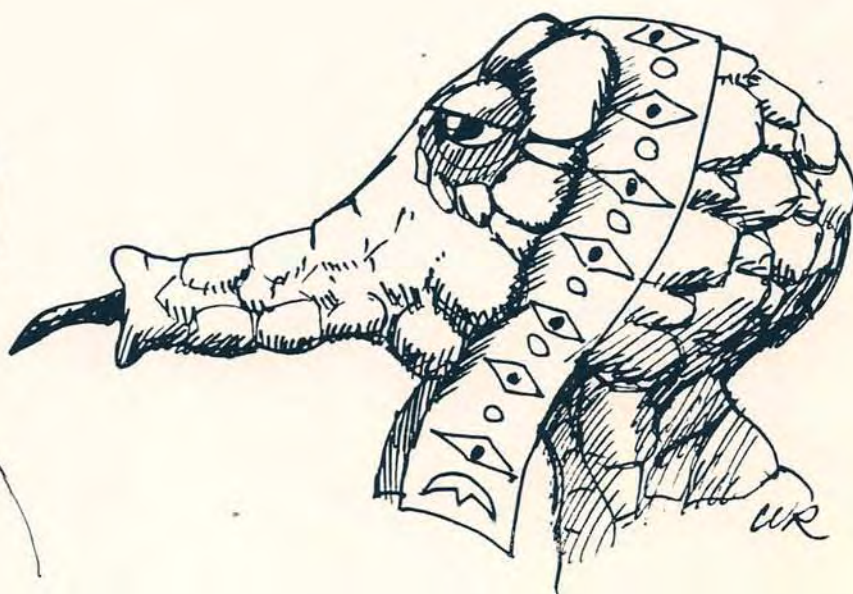


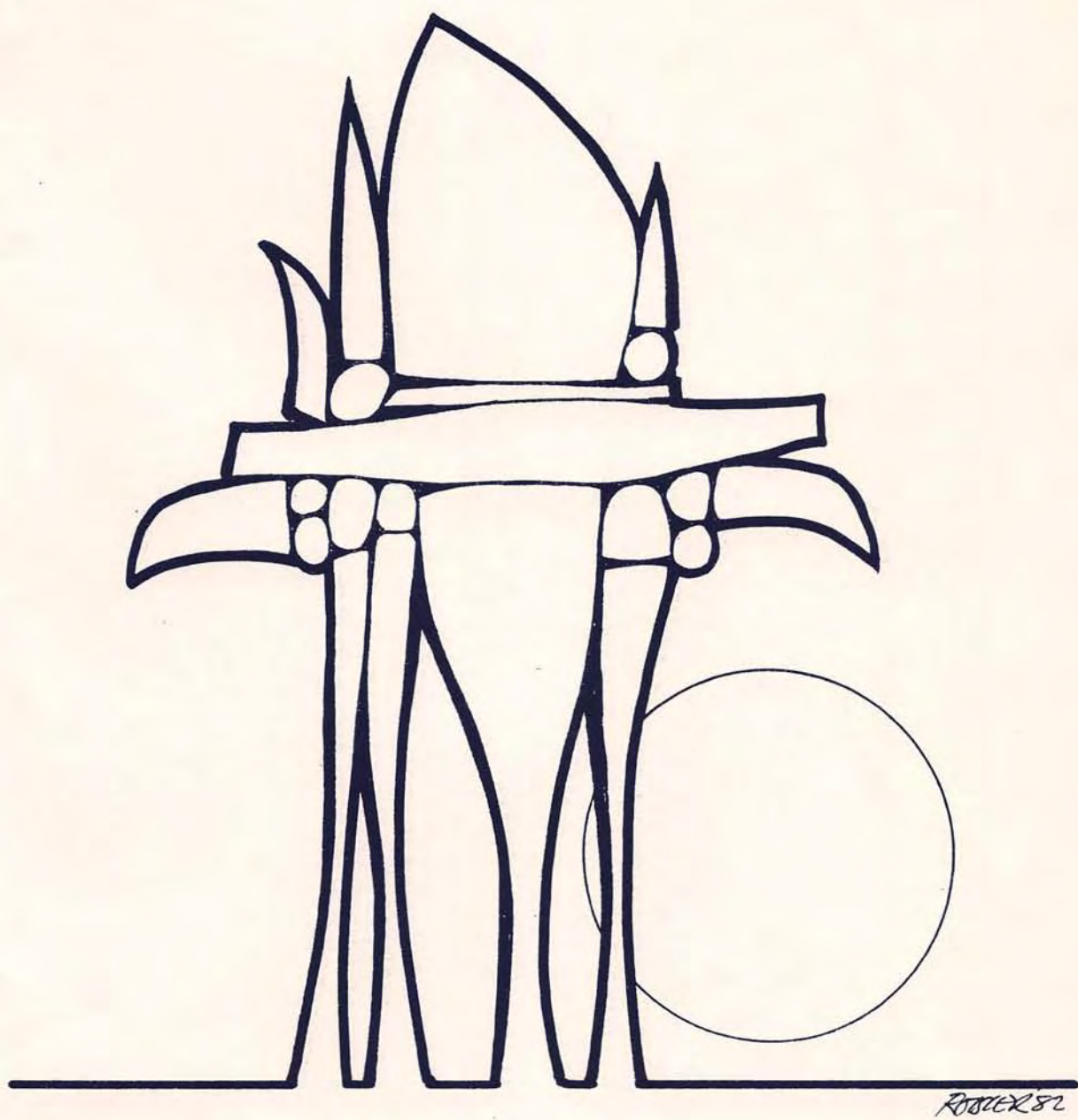
YOU GOT CHOPPED
LIVER
INSTEAD
?





A DIFFERENT WAY OF LOOKING AT ALTRUISM · ROSSIER '83





ROBERT 82